



U.S.A.



VENEZUELA



MEXICO



URUGUAY



HONDURAS



BOLIVIA



NETHERLANDS



CUBA



CHILE



CHINA

PDC.  
SEPT.

# CONTACT



COMICS



# UNITY



L.B. Cole



ENGLAND



BRAZIL



ECUADOR



POLAND



COLOMBIA



YUGOSLAVIA



PERU



NORWAY



FRANCE

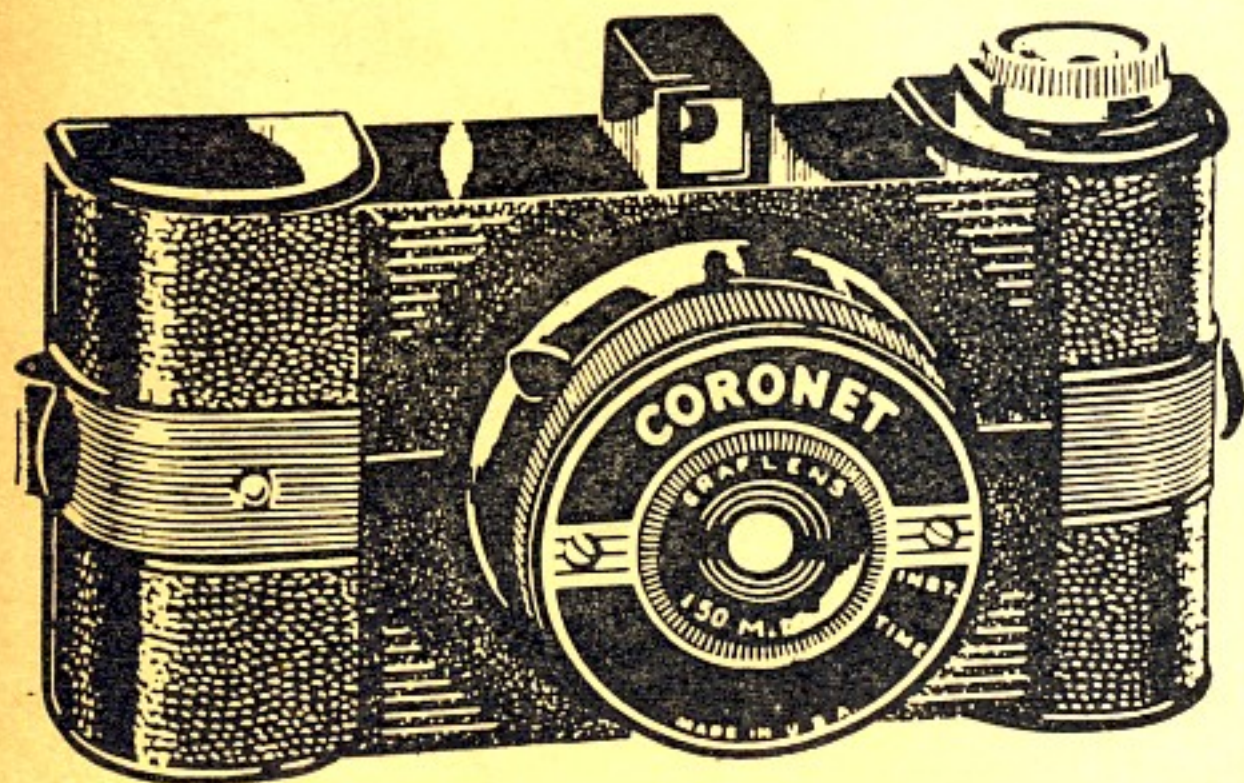


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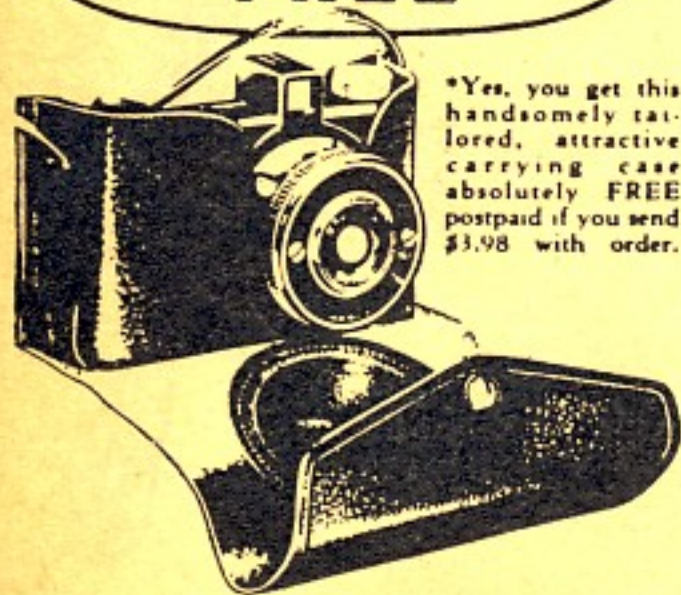
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Please ship my camera order as indicated below.

☐ Send C.O.D.—I will pay Postman \$3.98 plus postage. Enclosed find \$3.98 full payment including Free Carrying Case as bonus for cash sale.

☐ If you want us to include 1 roll of government termination surplus film (enough for 16 sharp pictures) for only 27 cents

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☐ Include 1 roll of film C.O.D.—I will pay postman \$4.25 plus postage. Enclosed \$4.25 for 1 roll of film and Camera. Include Free Carrying Case as bonus.

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of your  
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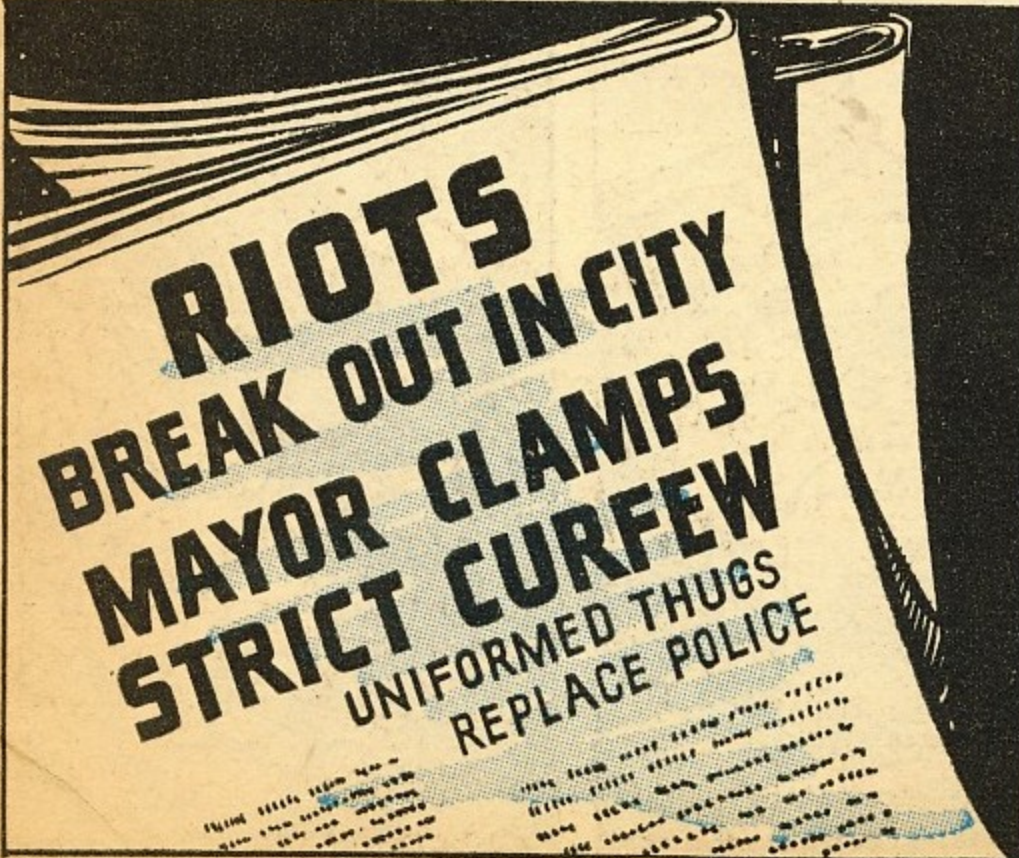
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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

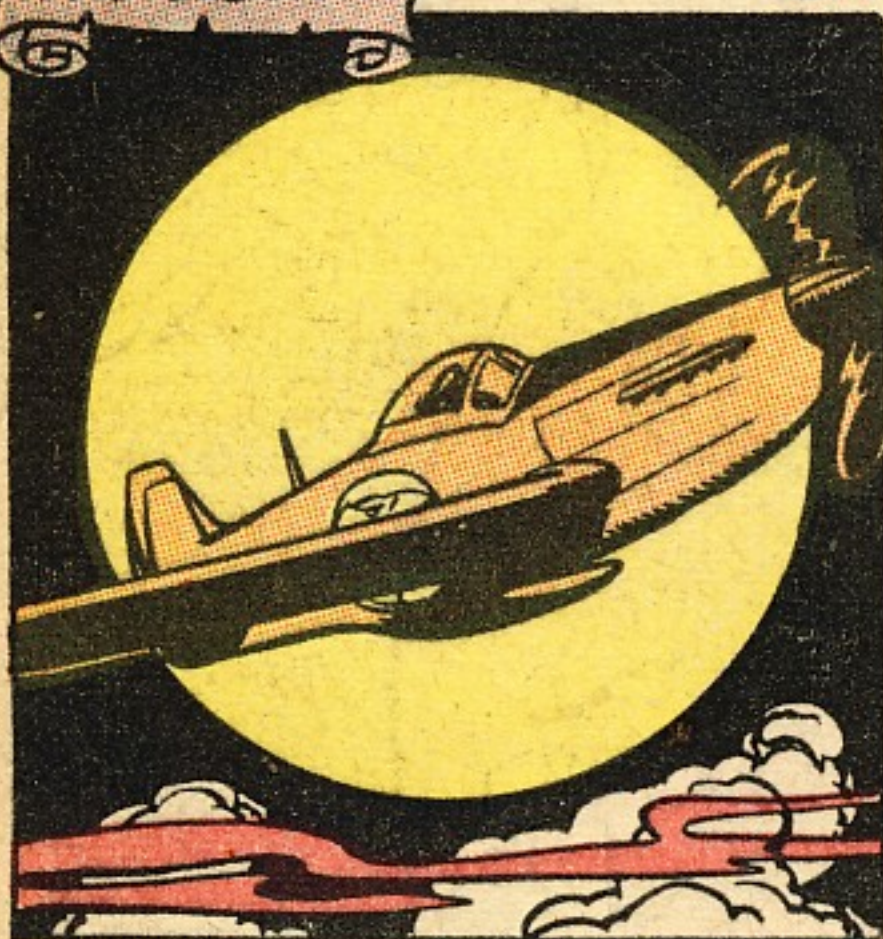
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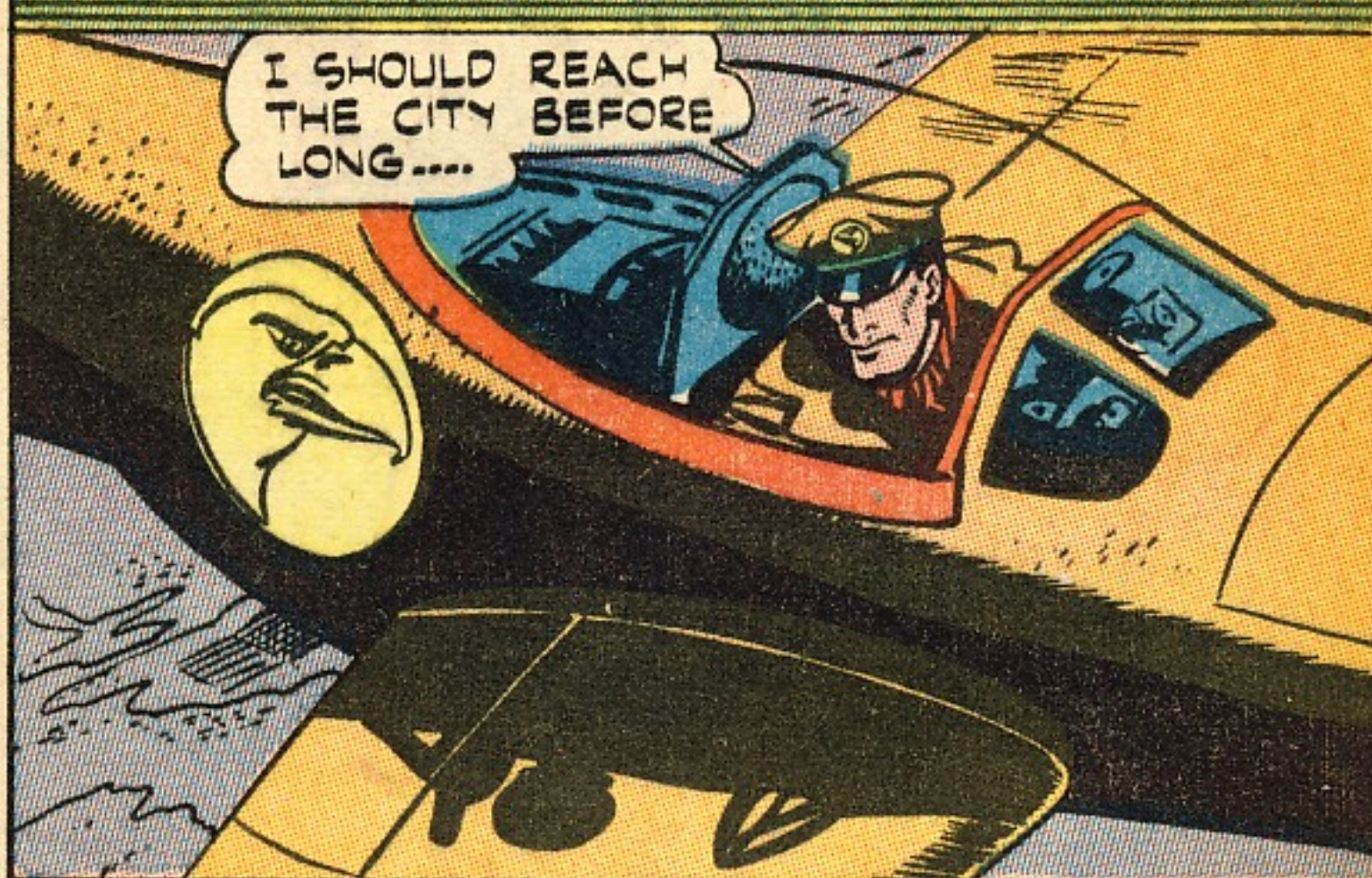




SOON A GOLDEN PLANE  
TAKES OFF FROM A SECRET  
AIRFIELD...

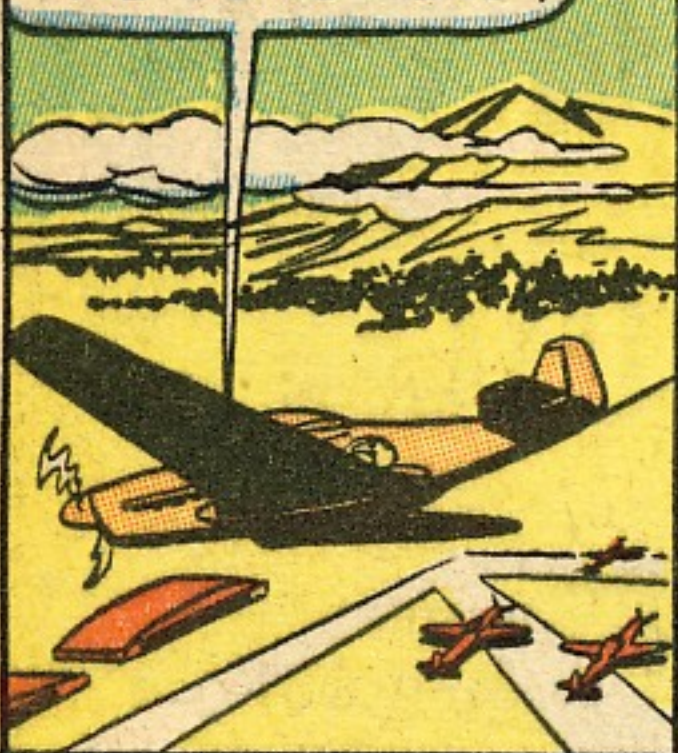


INSIDE THE PLANE IS CAPTAIN DENNIS QUINN,  
EX FLYING ACE, NOW KNOWN AS THE GOLDEN EAGLE!

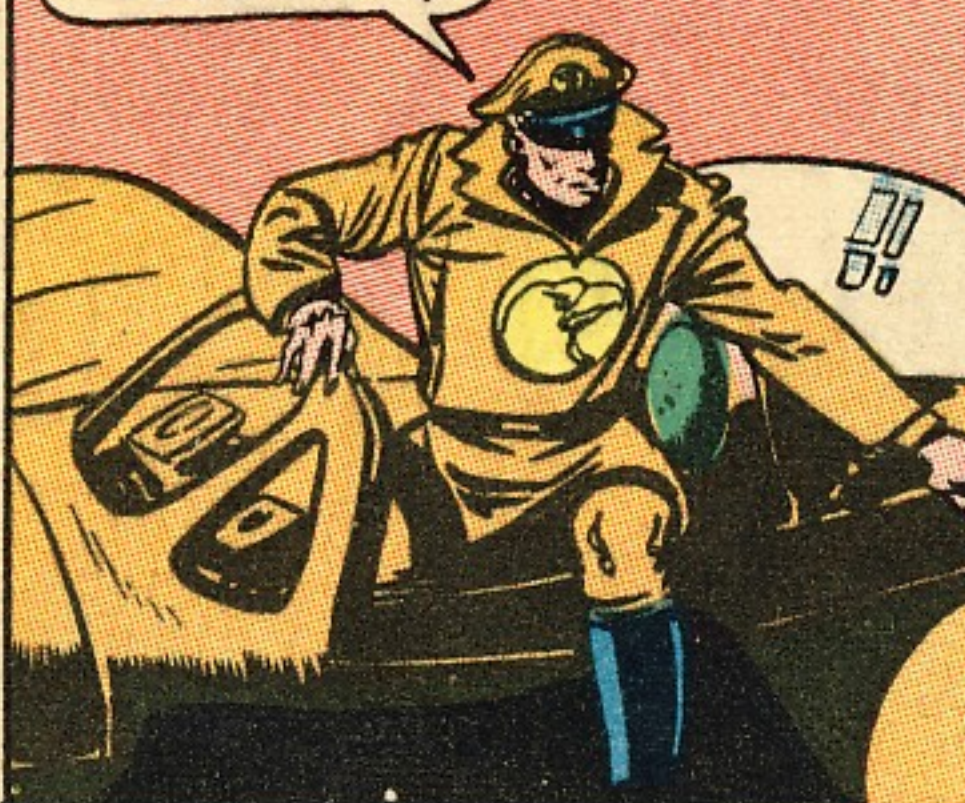


I SHOULD REACH  
THE CITY BEFORE  
LONG....

THERE'S THE AIR-  
DROME! I WONDER  
WHAT ALL THE  
FIGHTER PLANES  
ARE DOING HERE?

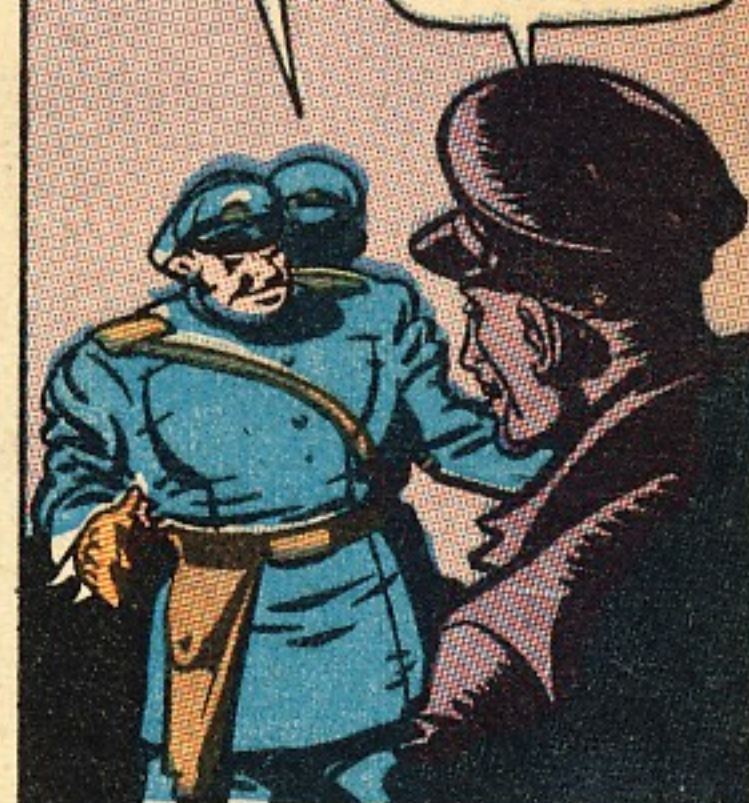


I DIDN'T KNOW I WAS  
EXPECTED! LOOKS LIKE I'M  
GETTING AN OFFICIAL  
RECEPTION!



YOUR  
PASSPORT,  
PLEASE!

ARE YOU  
JOKING? I  
HAVEN'T ANY  
PASSPORT!

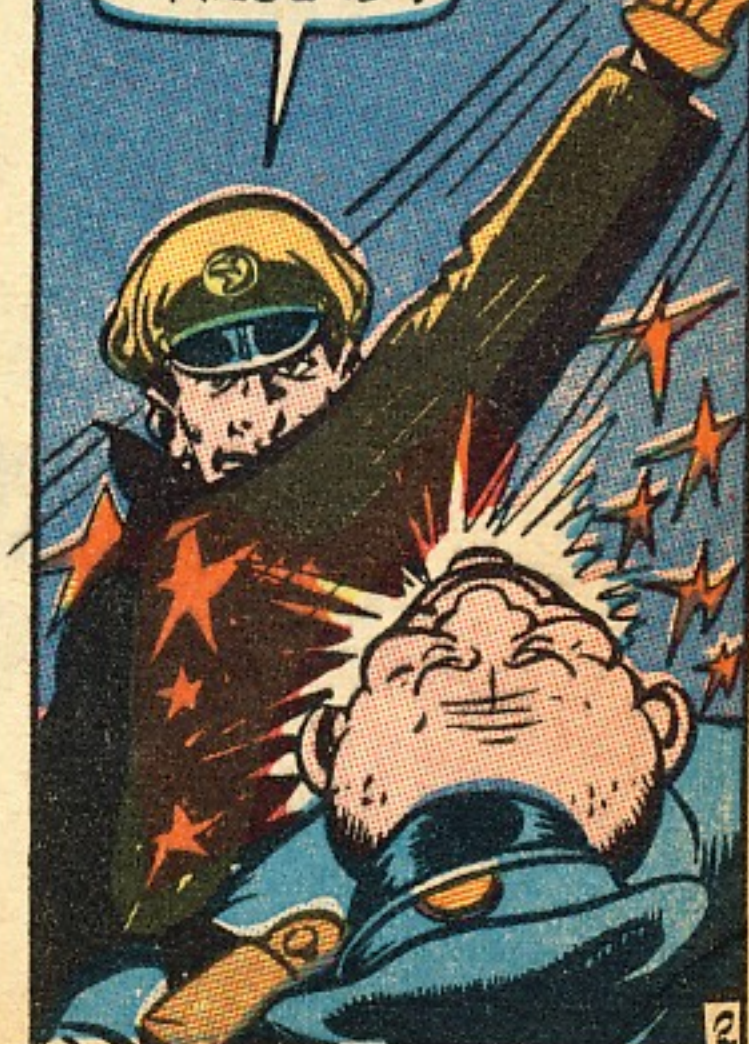


I DON'T NEED A  
PASSPORT! I'M  
STILL IN AMERICA!

GET IN YOUR  
PLANE! YOU  
WILL LEAVE  
THIS CITY AT  
ONCE!



NOBODY  
ORDERS ME  
AROUND!











GOOD! AT THIS RATE THERE WILL BE NO ONE LEFT TO OPPOSE ME!

THEN WE WILL STRIKE! USING THIS CITY, WE'LL SPREAD OVER THE CONTINENT! EVERY TOWN AND HAMLET WILL KNOW THE POWER OF THE BLACK MASK!



THE AMERICANS THINK THEY WON THEIR WAR AGAINST FASCISM! BUT IT IS JUST BEGINNING! HERE IN THEIR OWN COUNTRY, WE SHALL BE VICTORIOUS!



MEANWHILE, IN A DUNGEON ROOM, GOLDEN EAGLE REVIVES.....



O-H-H-H...! MY HEAD FEELS LIKE A MOUNTAIN SAT ON IT...!

WHERE AM I? WHAT AM I DOING HERE?

YOU ARE A PRISONER! THIS IS ONE OF THE BLACK MASK'S CONCENTRATION CAMPS!



THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! HOW CAN THERE BE CONCENTRATION CAMPS IN AN AMERICAN CITY!

BECAUSE WE WERE FOOLS! WE DIDN'T KNOW THE MEANING OF OUR LIBERTY!



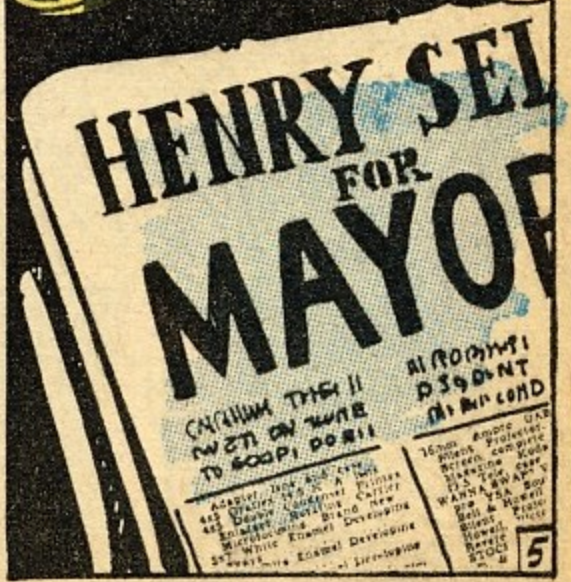
IT ALL STARTED SO SIMPLY! FIRST...THE AGITATORS ON STREET CORNERS DENOUNCING JEWS, CATHOLICS AND NEGROES! THEIR FOLLOWING GREW LARGER, AND STILL WE DIDN'T RECOGNIZE THE DANGER.....



A FEW SHORT-SIGHTED MEN IGNORED THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE... LIBERTY... AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS!



...WE GAVE THEM MONEY, AND THEY STARTED A NEWSPAPER! THEN THEY ENTERED THEIR CANDIDATE IN THE MAYORALTY ELECTION! THEIR CANDIDATE WAS A FIGUREHEAD, TAKING THE ORDERS OF THE BLACK MASK AND HIS HENCHMEN!





...THEIR MEN KNEW EVERY VOTER IN EVERY DISTRICT! THEY USED THREATS AND BRIBERY AT FIRST, AND IF THAT WAS NOT ENOUGH...



...THEY USED FORCE...



THEIR MAN WAS ELECTED! HE APPOINTED THEIR STRONG-ARM MEN AS POLICE AND FILLED THE CITY COURTS WITH HAND-PICKED SERVANTS OF THE BLACK MASK!

WHY DIDN'T YOU FIGHT BACK?



SOME OF US DID! OTHERS WAITED, HOPING THEY WOULD BE SPARED! THEY DIDN'T CARE WHAT HAPPENED TO THEIR FELLOWS AS LONG AS THEY COULD RUN THEIR LITTLE BUSINESS IN PEACE....

FOOLS!



I WAS ONE OF THE FOOLS... AND NOW IT'S TOO LATE TO START FIGHTING!

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO START FIGHTING!



MOMENTS LATER....

GUARDS! COME QUICKLY! HE'S POISONED HIMSELF...



THIS MAN'S DYING...







HE MEANT I WAS DYING TO MEET YOU...!



WE'VE GOT GUNS NOW! OPEN THE OTHER CELLS!



THE ALARMS OUT BY NOW! WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY! THE NEXT STOP IS THE ARSENAL! THERE WILL BE GUNS AND AMMUNITION FOR US ALL...



IN THE PRISON COMMANDANT'S OFFICE...

THE PRISONERS HAVE BROKEN LOOSE! THOUSANDS OF THEM, BLACK MASK! THEY ARE ALL....

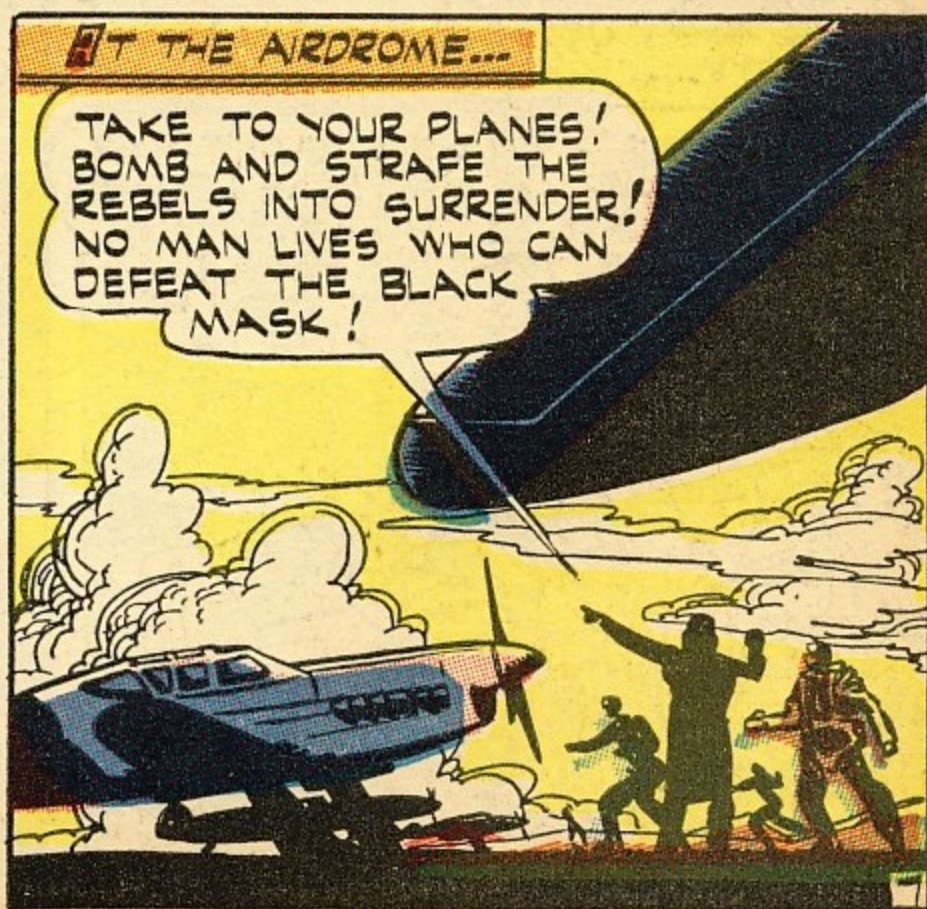


...ARMED! A-A-GG-H-H!

I'LL FINISH THAT PHONE CALL!



I'M COMING AFTER YOU, BLACK MASK! THIS IS YOUR LAST WARNING! PICK UP YOUR MARBLES AND RUN...!

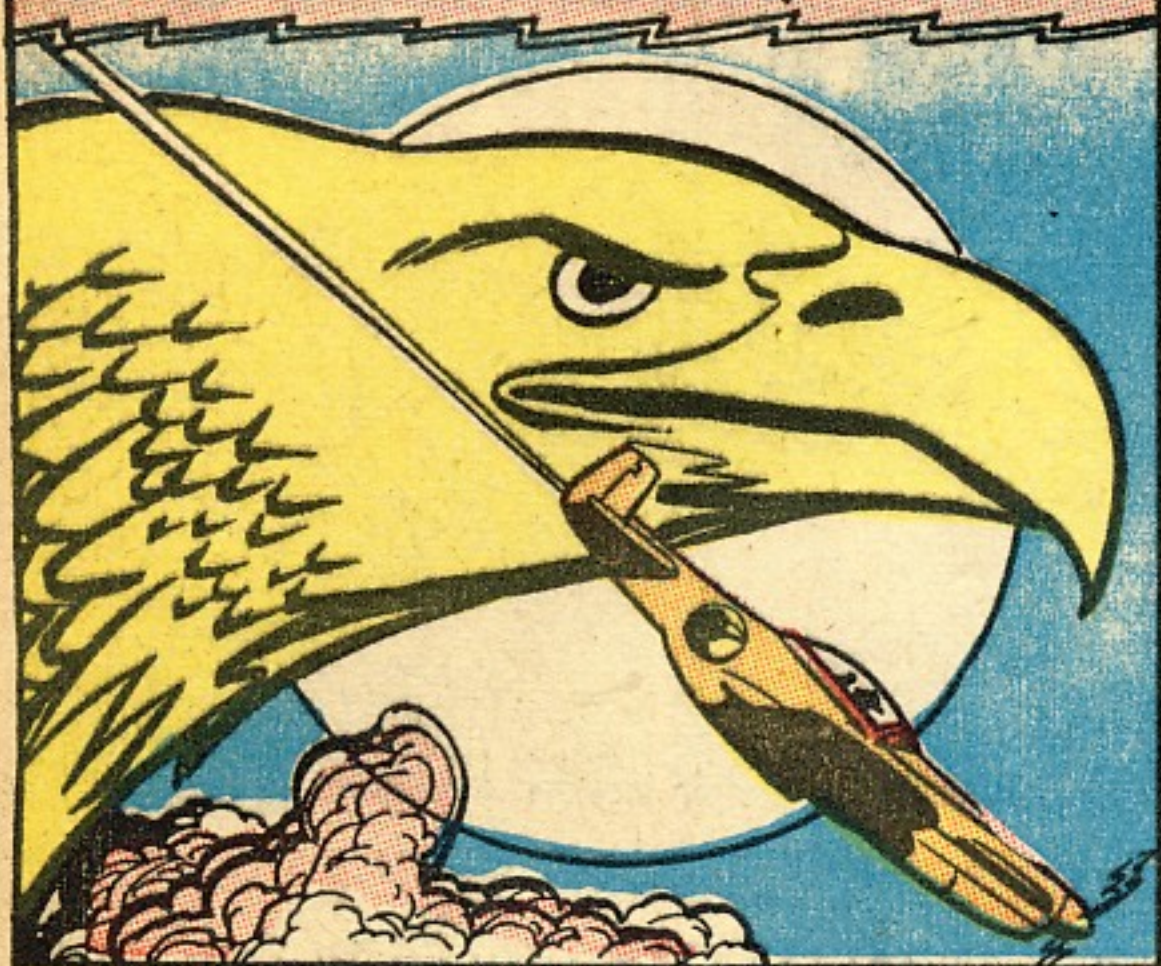


AT THE AIRDROME...

TAKE TO YOUR PLANES! BOMB AND STRAFE THE REBELS INTO SURRENDER! NO MAN LIVES WHO CAN DEFEAT THE BLACK MASK!



BUT AS THE BLACK MASK'S PLANES TAKE OFF, A GOLDEN PLANE DIVES IN A LONG, SCREAMING ATTACK! IT IS THE GOLDEN EAGLE!!



WHIRLING AND DANCING THROUGH THE SKY IN A DUEL OF DEATH, THE GOLDEN EAGLE SENDS PLANE AFTER PLANE CRASHING TO A FIERY DOOM....



THEY'RE WIPED OUT! NOT A MAN SURVIVED THE BATTLE!



THE BLACK MASK! HE'S TRYING TO GET AWAY! I FIND HIM GUILTY OF MURDER....



...AND I HEREBY EXECUTE SENTENCE!



A-GG-H-HH!!

LATER, WHEN ORDER IS RESTORED TO THE CITY....

YOU LED THE RAID THAT CAPTURED MY PLANE! WITHOUT IT, WE NEVER COULD HAVE WON!

WE WOULDN'T HAVE LOST! I'VE LEARNED THAT LESSON! A FREE PEOPLE DON'T KNOW HOW TO LOSE!



A FAINT THROBBING OF A MOTOR DIES ON THE HORIZON! ONCE AGAIN, THE GOLDEN EAGLE'S BATTLE FOR EQUALITY AND JUSTICE IS DONE....

HE'S A GREAT MAN! HE BELIEVES IN THE GREATNESS OF THE PEOPLE....



The End



# Black Venus



GEO GREGG

BACK FROM THE WARS COME OUR HEROES, TO THE WORLD THEY SAVED FROM DESTRUCTION! WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD FOR THEM? IS THERE A PLACE FOR THE WOUNDED, OR WILL THEY BECOME CASUALTIES OF THE PEACE AS WELL AS OF THE WAR?

**BLACK VENUS** HELPS FIND AN ANSWER IN THE HEART-STIRRING STORY OF ONE VETERAN'S BATTLE TO RECLAIM HIS OWN !!!

AT AN ARMY HOSPITAL, MARY ROCHE VISITS A PATIENT....

I'VE BEEN LOOKING EVERYWHERE FOR YOU, LT. EVANS!

WHAT FOR..?

I DON'T WANT ANY SYMPATHY! I KNOW WHEN I'M LICKED!

I DIDN'T COME TO OFFER SYMPATHY... JUST TO TELL YOU THAT YOUR NEW PROSTHETIC LEG IS READY! YOU'LL BE WALKING AGAIN... WITHOUT CRUTCHES... BEFORE YOU KNOW IT!





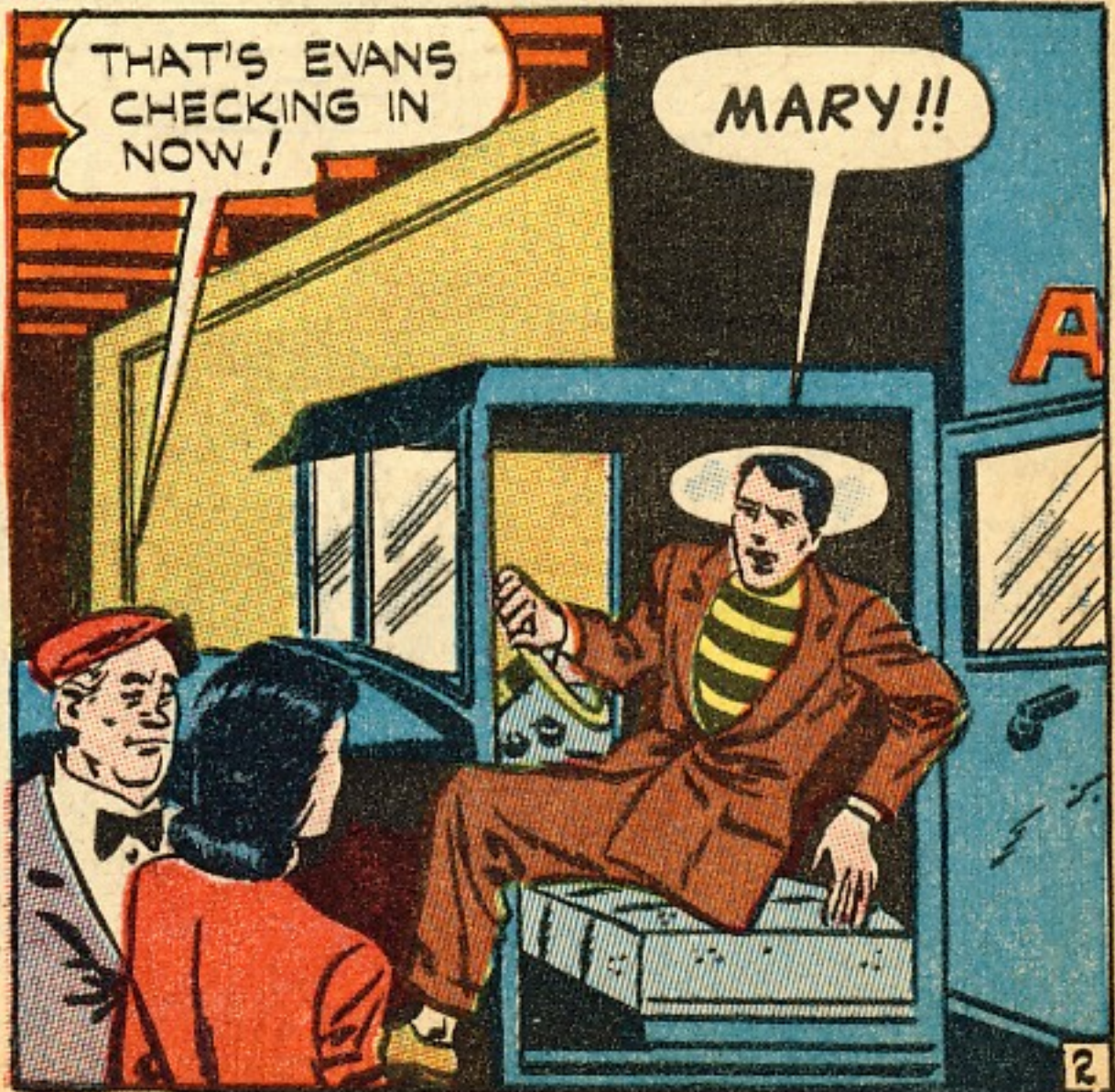
**S**O THE LONG CLIMB BACK TO NORMALCY BEGAN FOR LIEUTENANT BILL EVANS, FORMER PURSUIT PILOT. AT EVERY STEP OF THE WAY, MARY ROCHE WAS BESIDE HIM, ENCOURAGING HIM TO CARRY ON....



**AND FINALLY...**



**S**PEEDING OVER THE HIGHWAYS, THE AJAX TRUCKS SWIFTLY CARRY PERISHABLE FOODS DIRECTLY FROM THE FARMS TO THE MARKET. BILL EVANS, EX-ARMY FLIER, SOON BECOMES ACQUAINTED WITH THE ROUTINE....







IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU! WHAT BROUGHT YOU HERE?

CHECKING UP ON MY PRIZE PUPIL! YOU CERTAINLY SEEM TO HAVE MADE GOOD!



**S**UDDENLY...

HEWITT'S TRUCK HAS BEEN AMBUSHED BY HIJACKERS!



WHAT HAPPENED TO HEWITT?

THEY FOUND HIM WITH HIS SKULL CRUSHED! THE TRUCK WAS EMPTIED AND THEN SET AFIRE!



THE BLACK MARKET GANG IS BEHIND THIS! THEY WANT TO STOP SHIPMENTS SO THEY CAN BOOST FOOD PRICES! THEY WON'T LET ANY OF OUR TRUCKS GO THROUGH!

I'LL GET THROUGH... SOMEHOW!



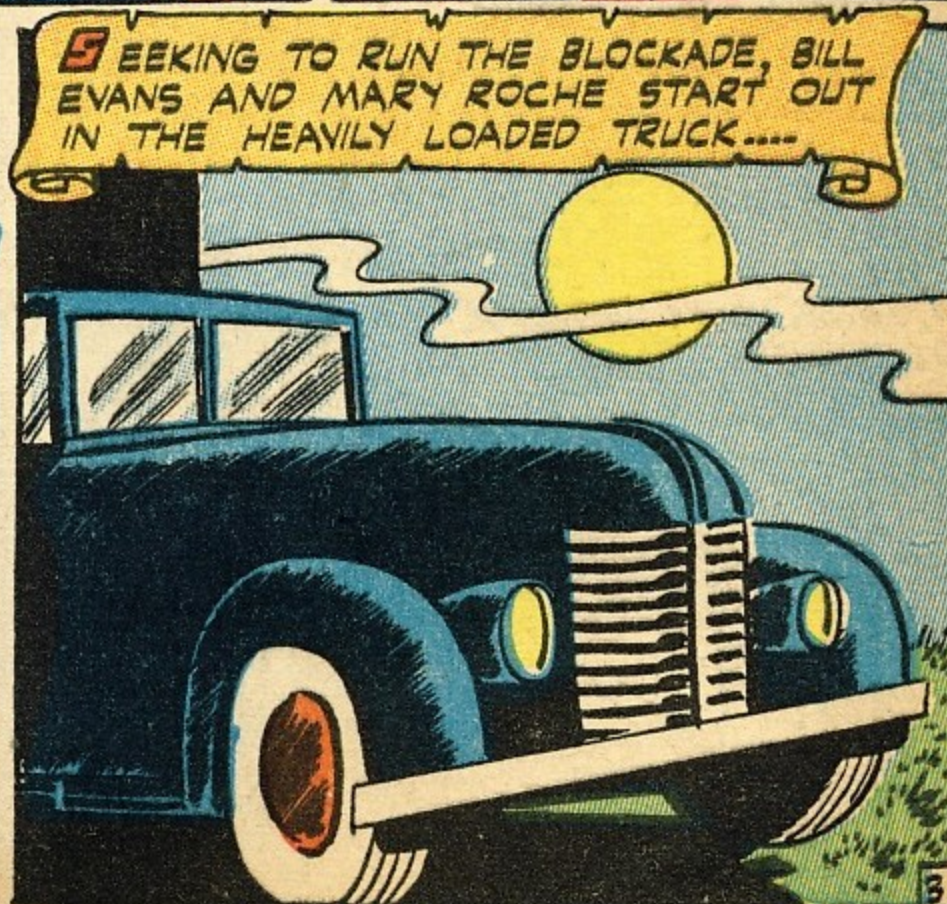
LOAD MY TRUCK! I'M STARTING RIGHT AWAY...!

I'LL GO WITH YOU!



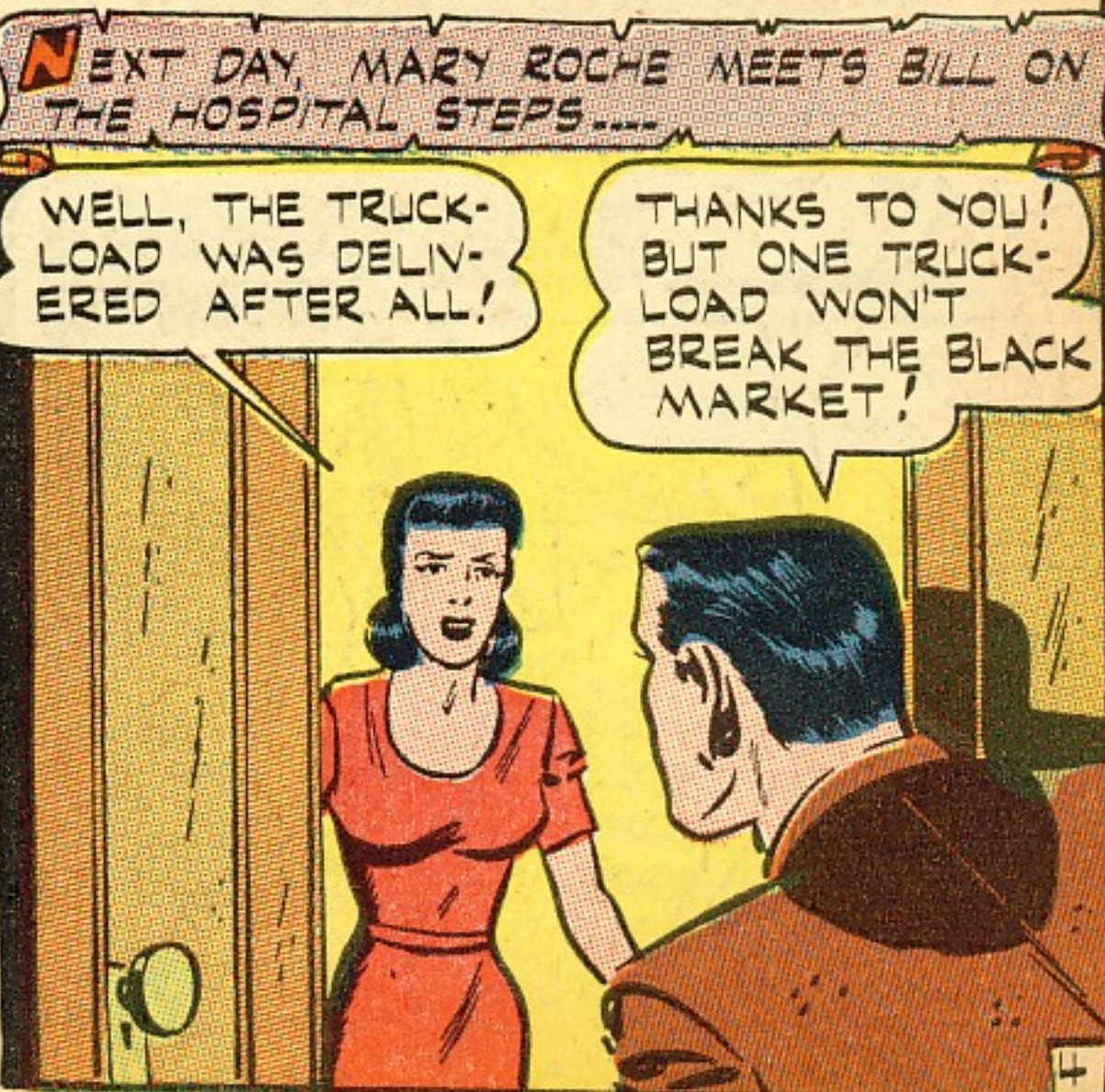
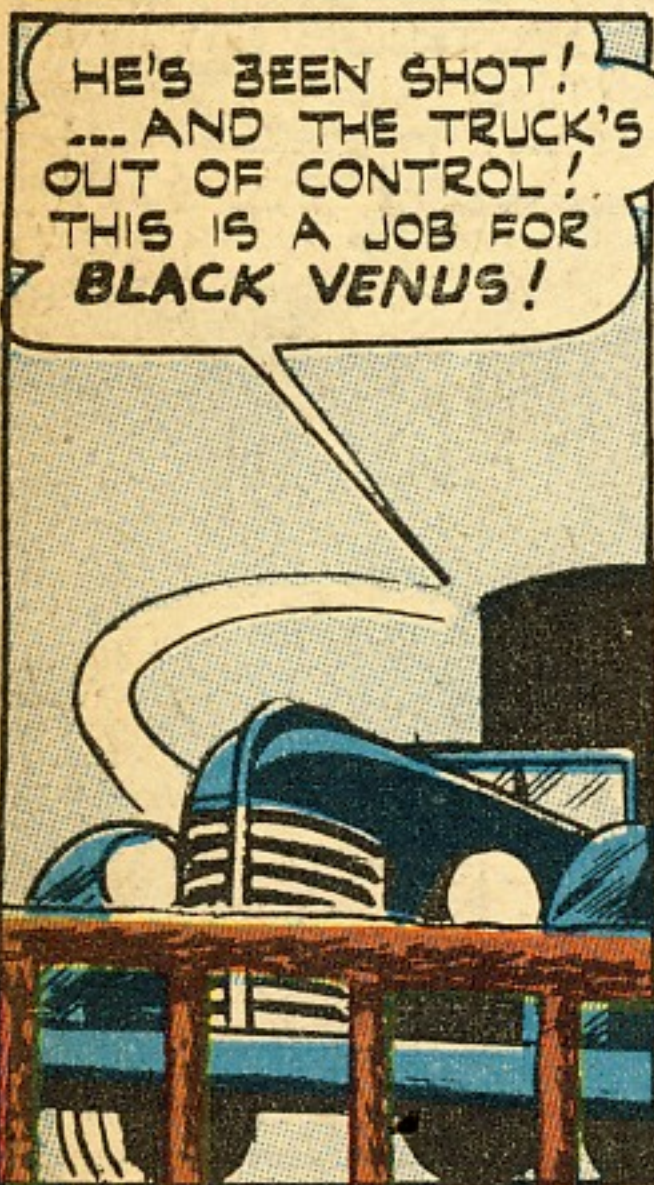
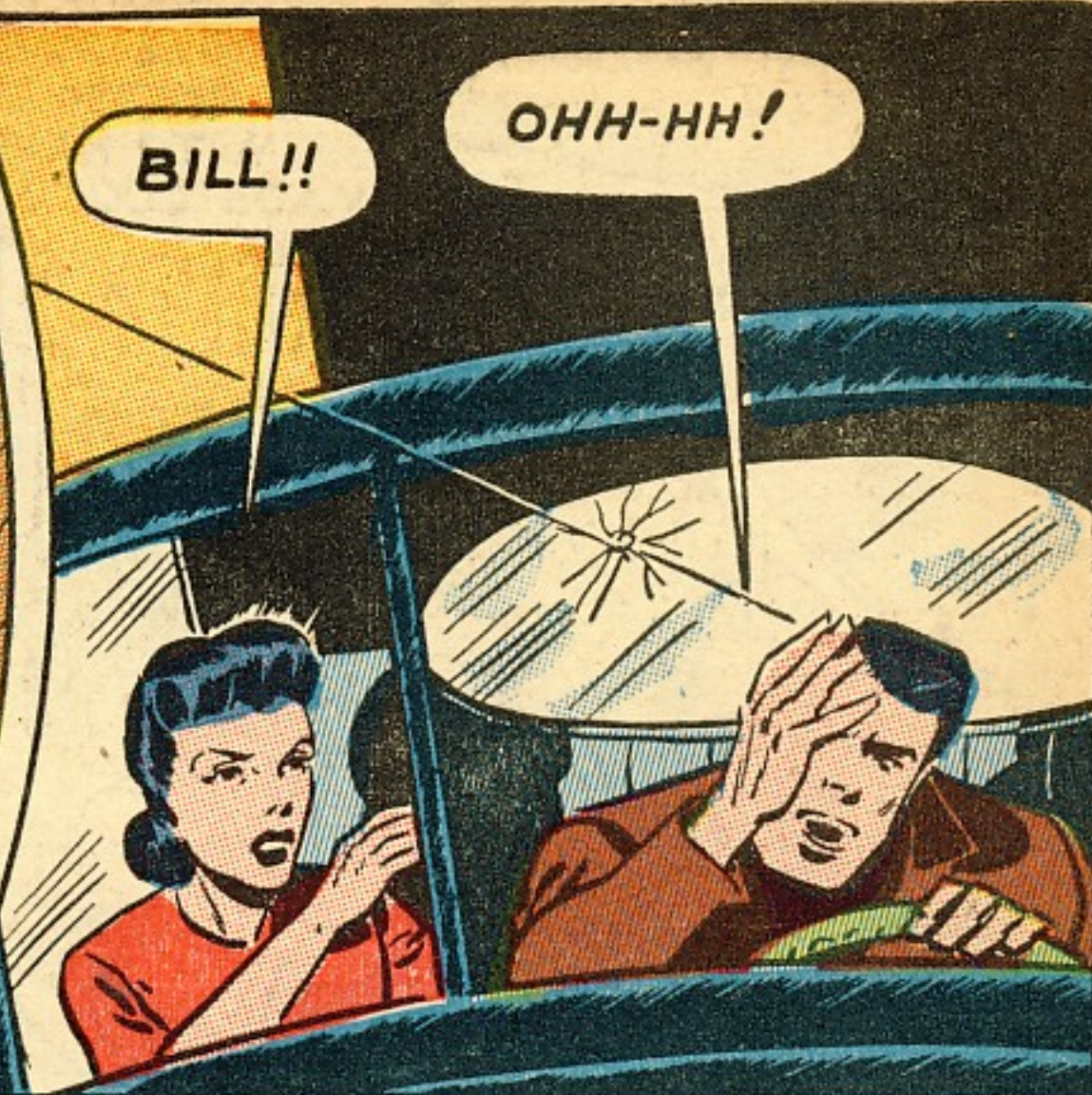
BUT...

DON'T TELL ME THIS IS NO JOB FOR A WOMAN! I'VE MADE UP MY MIND!



**S**EEKING TO RUN THE BLOCKADE, BILL EVANS AND MARY ROCHE START OUT IN THE HEAVILY LOADED TRUCK....







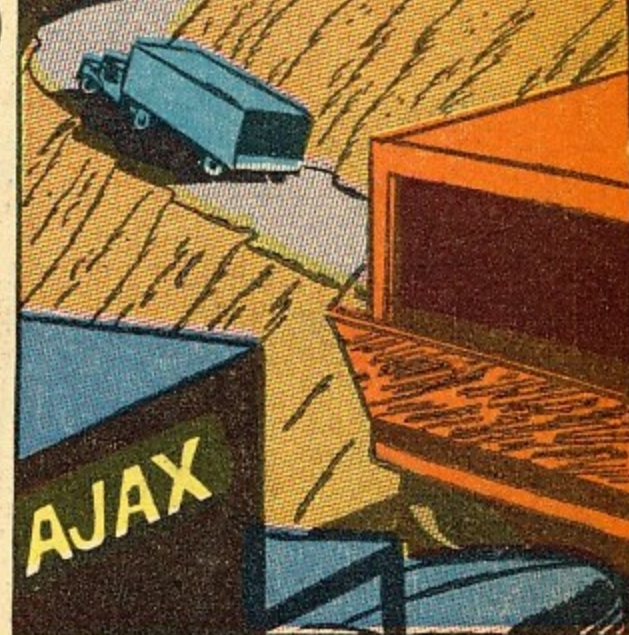
WE'RE GOING TO BRING A CONVOY OF TRUCKS TO THE CITY... AND THIS TIME WE'LL HAVE POLICE PROTECTION ALL ALONG THE HIGHWAY!

THEN I'VE AN IDEA THE HIJACKERS WILL STRIKE FROM THE AIR...!

NIGHT... AND A SINGLE PLANE RISES SHARPLY ABOVE THE MOUNTAINS!

THE TRUCK CONVOY WILL COME THIS WAY SOON! I'LL BE READY FOR ANY SURPRISE ATTACK!

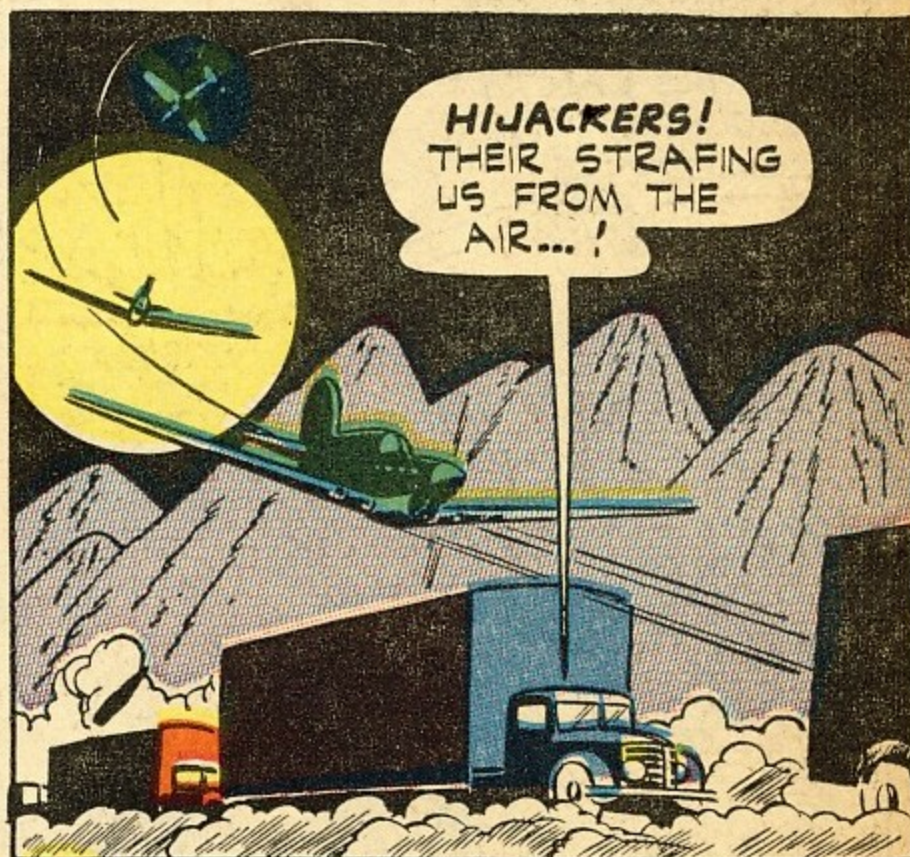
ROARING UP THE HIGHWAY, THE AJAX TRUCKS CARRY THEIR PRECIOUS CARGOES UNMOLESTED TOWARD THE CITY....



ALL RIGHT... SO FAR! A FEW MORE MILES AND WE... I HEAR PLANES!

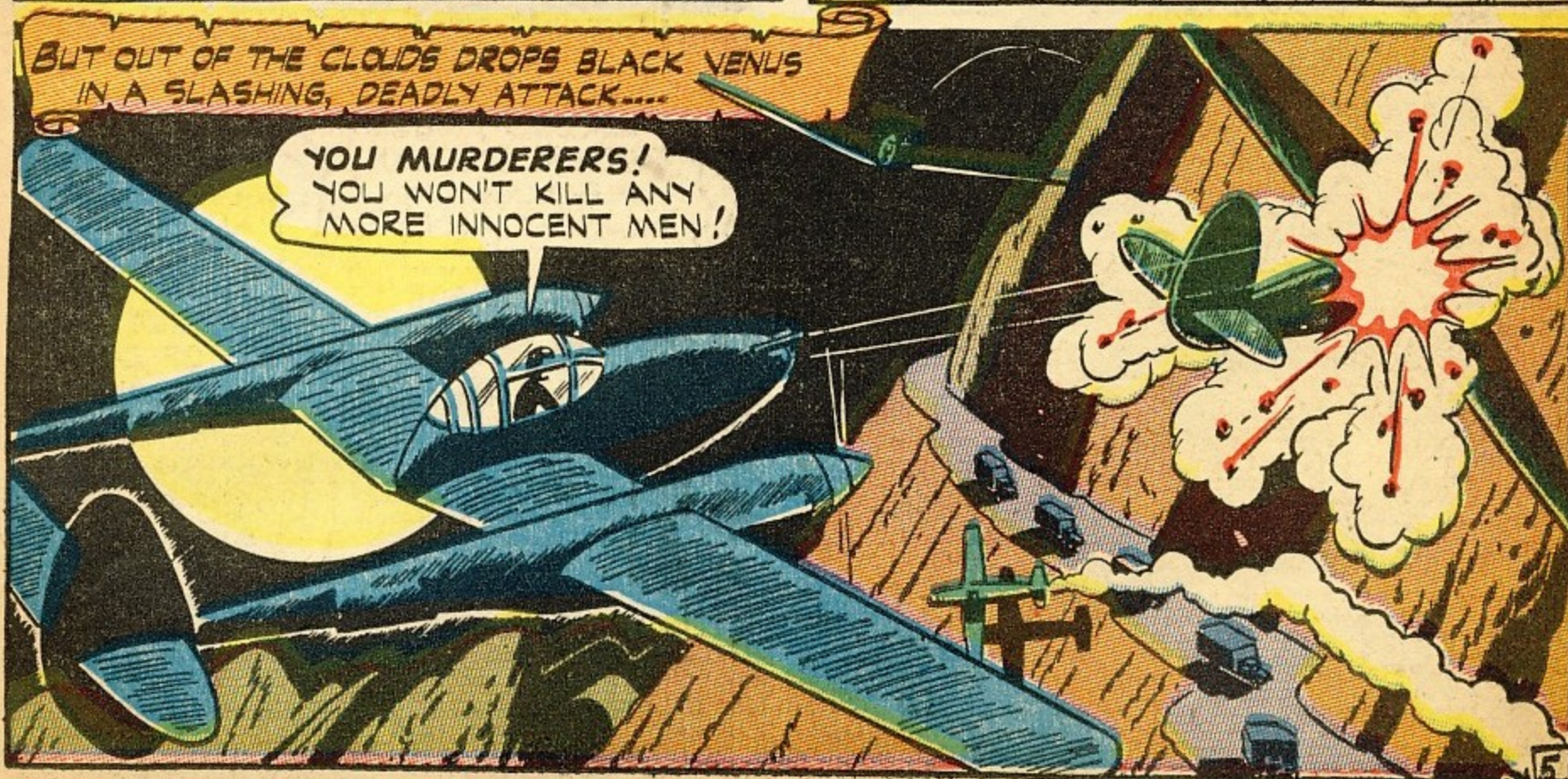


HIJACKERS! THEIR STRAFING US FROM THE AIR...!



BUT OUT OF THE CLOUDS DROPS BLACK VENUS IN A SLASHING, DEADLY ATTACK....

YOU MURDERERS! YOU WON'T KILL ANY MORE INNOCENT MEN!





THAT'S THE LAST! THE CONVOY WILL GET THROUGH SAFELY NOW! BUT I'LL BE ON HAND, IN CASE THE HIJACKERS TRY AGAIN WHEN THE TRUCKS REACH THE CITY...



AS THE TRUCK CONVOY ARRIVES IN THE CITY....

YOU'RE NOT UNLOADING THIS STUFF!

WHO SAYS I'M NOT?



I SAY SO....!!

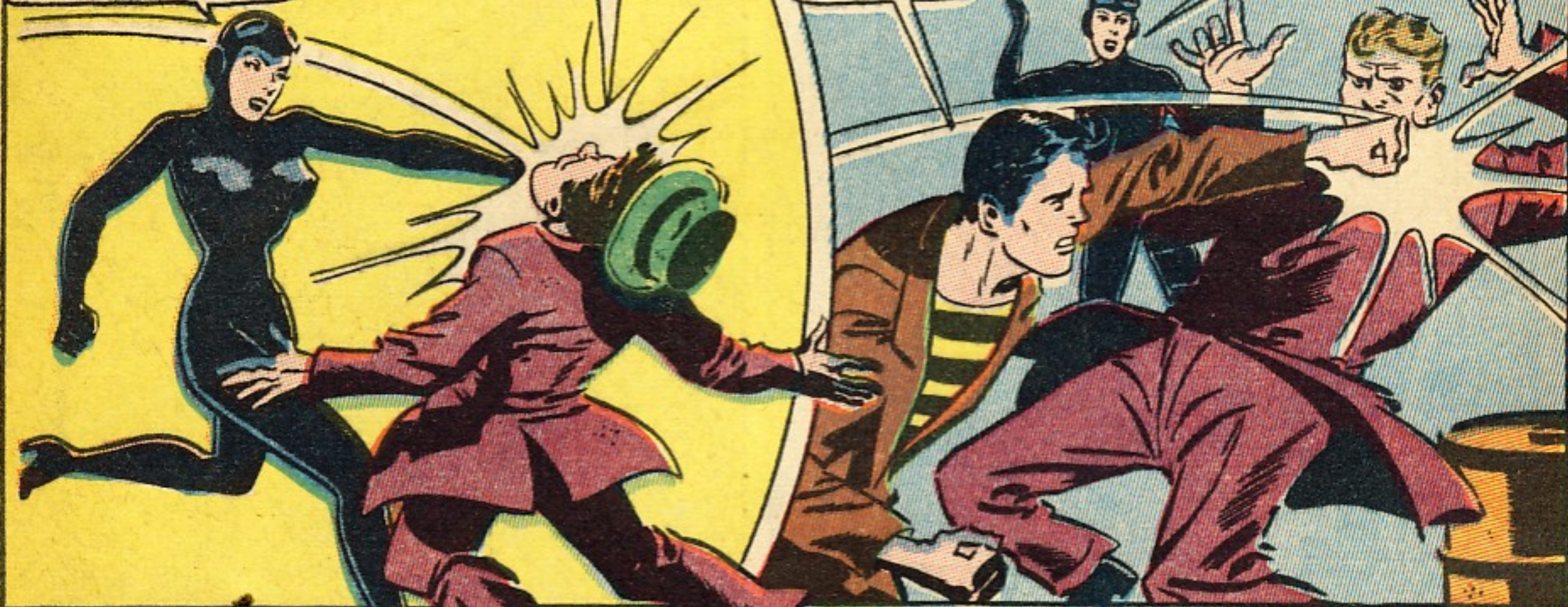


I'LL TEACH YOU TO HIT A MAN WHO CAN'T DEFEND HIMSELF!

O-OHHH!

WHO SAYS I CAN'T DEFEND MYSELF?

GO TO IT, LIEUTENANT!

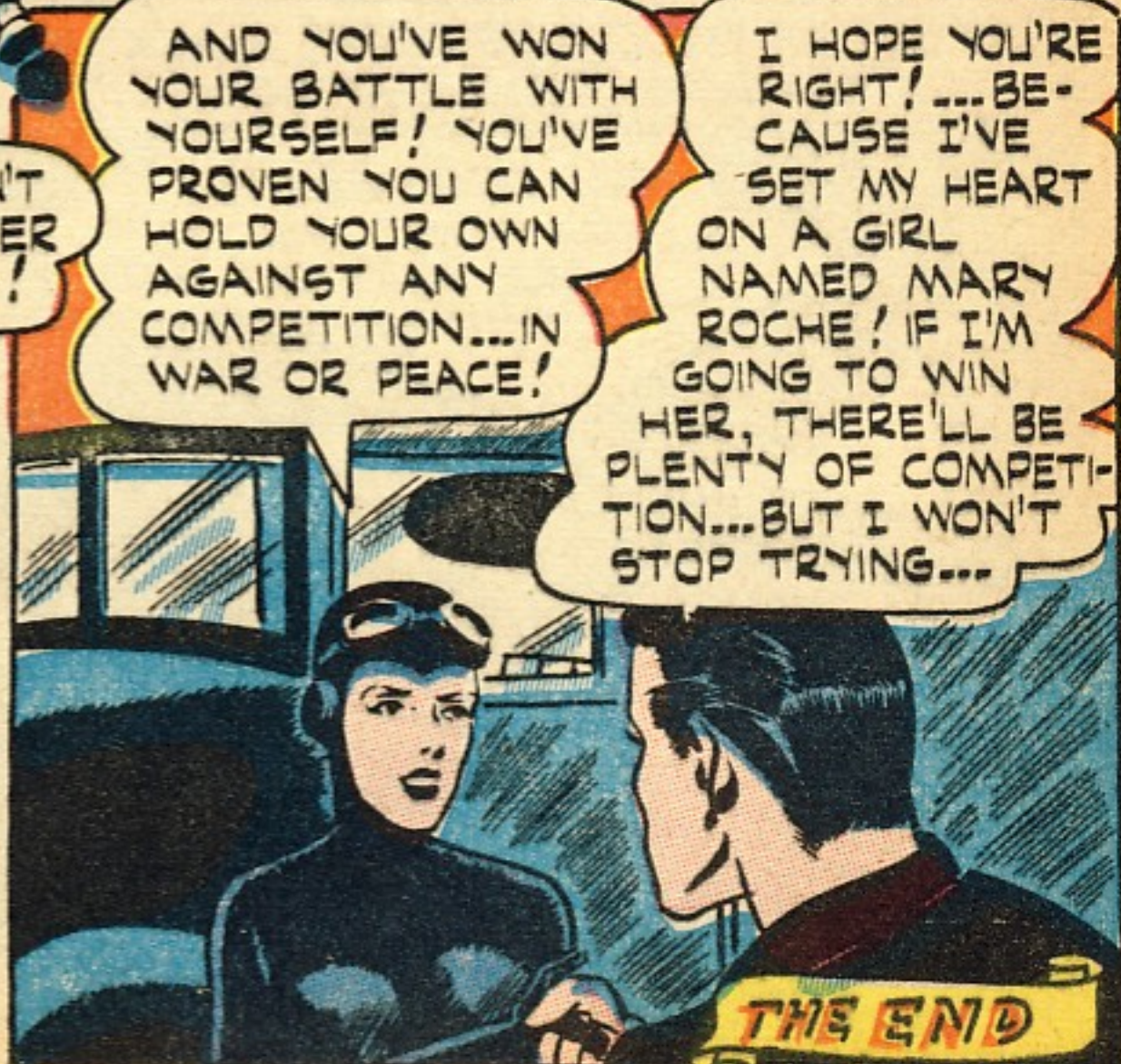


HOW'S THIS...?

I COULDN'T DO BETTER MYSELF!

AND YOU'VE WON YOUR BATTLE WITH YOURSELF! YOU'VE PROVEN YOU CAN HOLD YOUR OWN AGAINST ANY COMPETITION...IN WAR OR PEACE!

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT! ...BECAUSE I'VE SET MY HEART ON A GIRL NAMED MARY ROCHE! IF I'M GOING TO WIN HER, THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF COMPETITION...BUT I WON'T STOP TRYING...



THE END



G.  
ALT  
MAN

I'M A MAJOR  
IN THE U.S. ARMY  
AIR FORCES...YET  
ONLY A FEW YEARS  
AGO I WAS JUST LIKE  
THOSE CHAPS...  
ENTHUSIASTIC, EAGER  
AIR SCOUTS...IN THE  
BOY SCOUTS OF  
AMERICA!

# BOY SCOUTS

WITH!

# WINGS



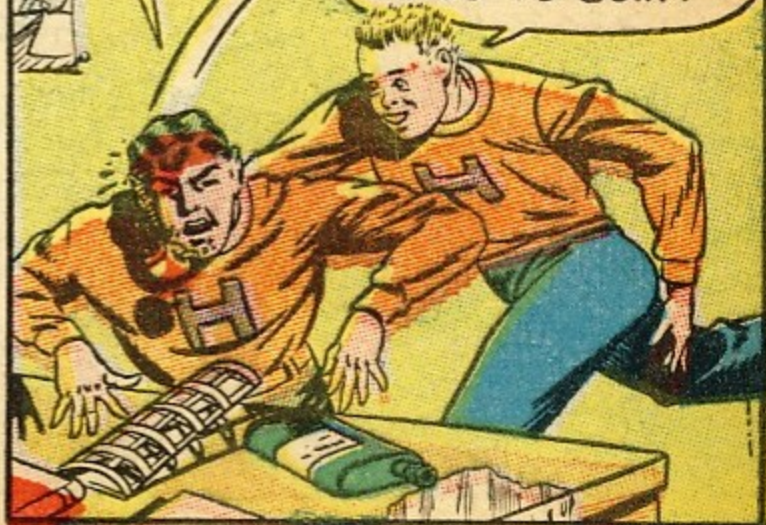
GOLLY, I'LL NEVER FORGET THE DAY WHEN  
SPIKE WEST BURST INTO OUR HOUSE SO  
EXCITED HE COULD HARDLY SPEAK!

SAY RUSTY, ISN'T IT  
WONDERFUL... ISN'T  
IT THE BEST NEWS  
EVER? WHY, ITS...



TAKE IT EASY,  
SPIKE...WHAT'S  
THIS ALL  
ABOUT?

WHY, MR. LITCHFIELD,  
DOWN AT THE GOOD-  
YEAR COMPANY IS  
STARTING A TROOP  
OF AIR SCOUTS....  
AND WE'VE BEEN  
ASKED TO JOIN!





WE WERE SURPRISED WHEN WE WENT TO THE FIRST MEETING... BECAUSE MOST OF OUR FRIENDS IN AKRON WERE THERE!



OUR SCOUT COMMISSIONER, PAUL W. SHAMBURGER, TOLD US.....

AIR SCOUTING WILL HELP BUILD A STRONG SYSTEM OF NATIONAL DEFENSE, AND PROVIDE A HUGE RESERVOIR OF FUTURE AIRMEN!



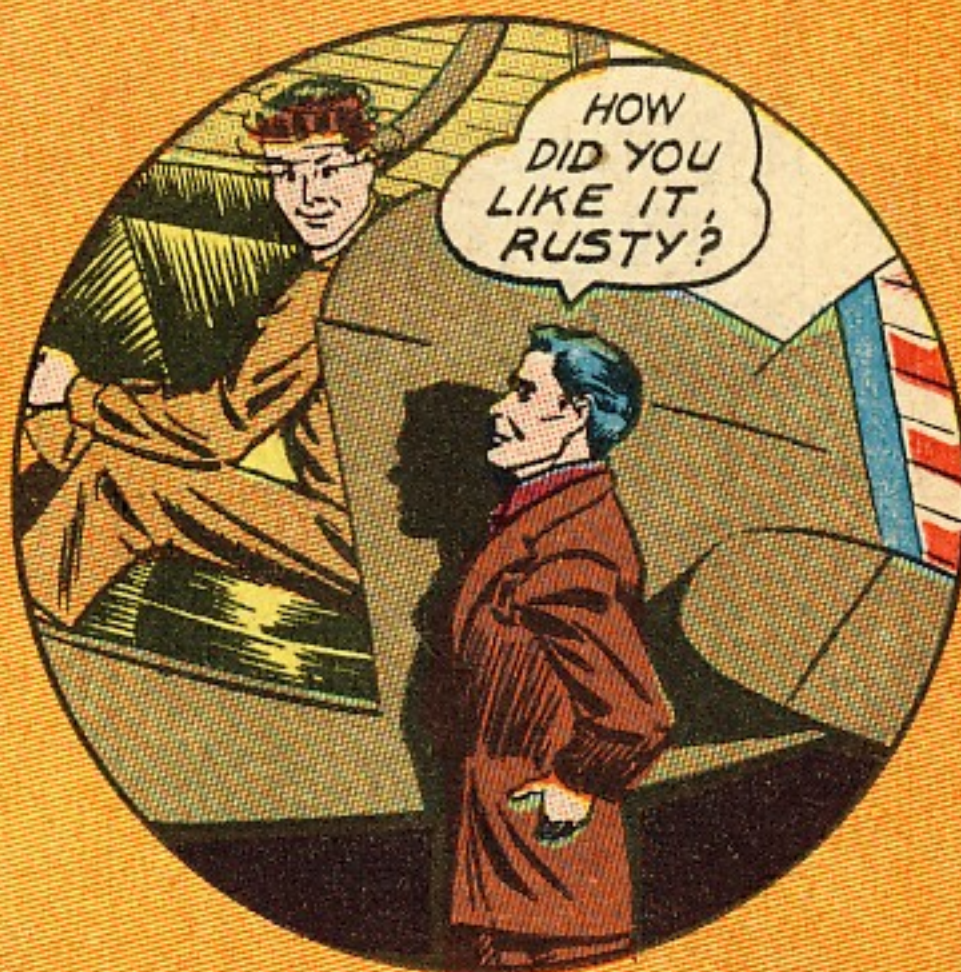
TOGETHER WITH MR. RUSSEL DE YOUNG, MR. SHAMBURGER DREW UP A SWELL MANUAL, AND THEY LAID OUT SOME VERY INTERESTING AVIATION PROGRAMS!



AND GOSH, WERE WE PROUD WHEN EACH SCOUT IN OUR OUTFIT WAS RIGGED OUT IN A SNAPPY NEW TAILOR-MADE UNIFORM!



NOTHING WAS TOO MUCH FOR THOSE MEN TO DO... THEY EVEN GOT US A TRAINER... JUST LIKE THOSE THE AIR FORCE USES TO GIVE BLIND FLIGHT TRAINING TO PILOTS!



ONE OF OUR FIRST STEPS IN TRAINING WAS TO BECOME FAMILIAR WITH AIRCRAFT... AND WE GOT FIRST HAND INFORMATION OUT AT THE PLANE FACTORY!



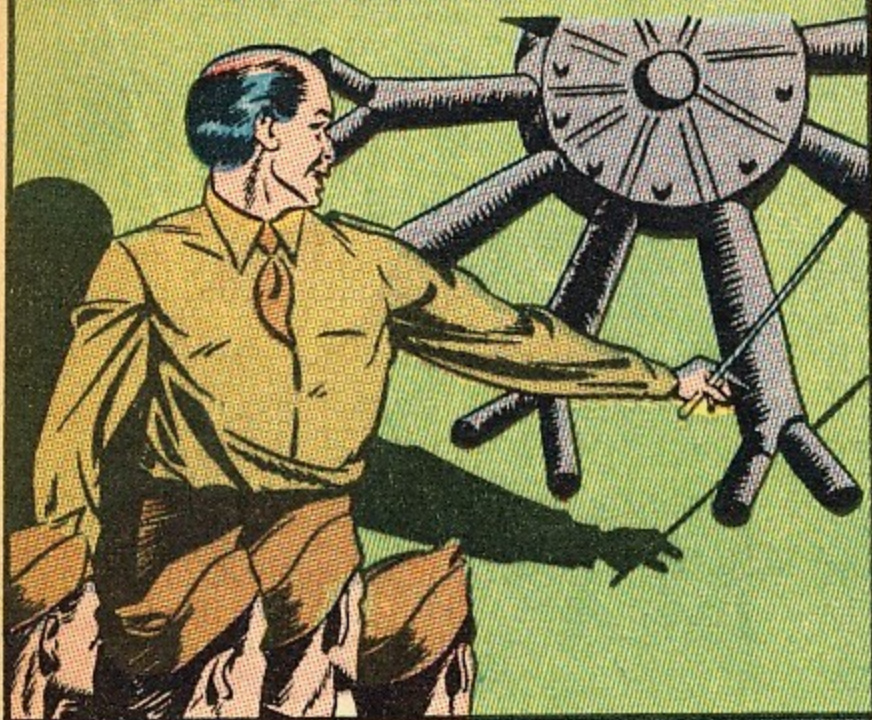
BELIEVE IT OR NOT, WE SOON WERE FAMILIAR WITH WORKING PARTS OF ENGINES AND PLANES!

AT THE PRESENT RATE... YOU SCOUTS WILL SOON KNOW MORE THAN TEACHER!

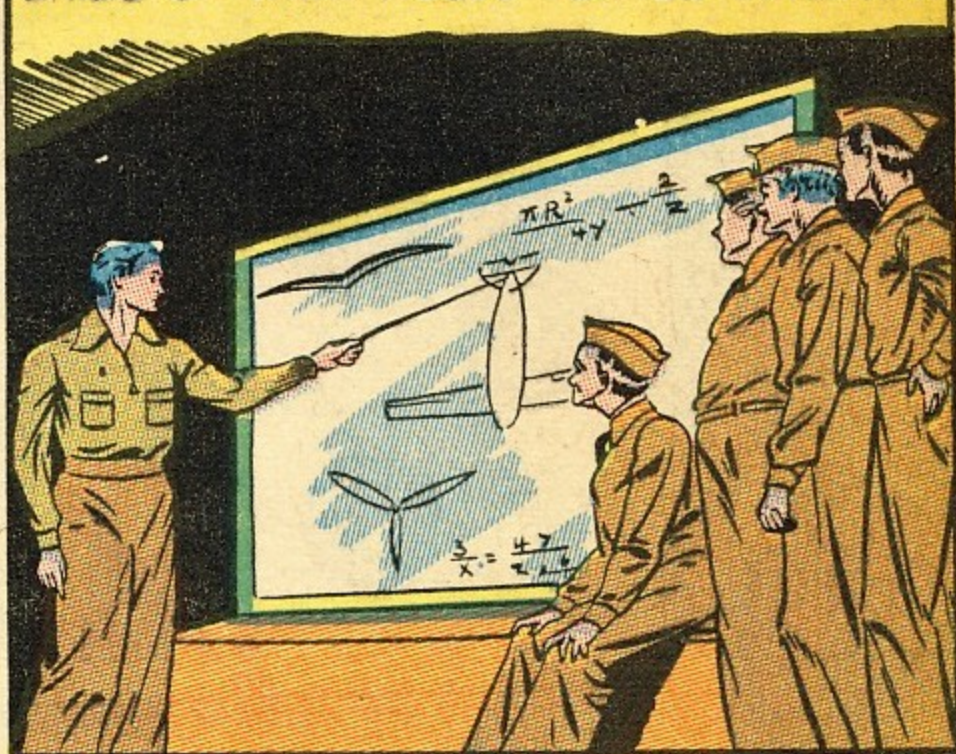




WORKING CUTAWAY DIAGRAM TYPE MODELS GAVE US BASIC KNOWLEDGE OF ENGINE OPERATION... AND I GUESS IT MADE US FEEL PRETTY GROWN UP!



WE TORE INTO AERODYNAMICS LIKE A TORNADO... ANXIOUS TO CLEAR UP THE MYSTERIES OF WHAT HOLDS PLANES IN THE AIR!



THEN... ONE DAY IN 1941...



BOYS... OUR EXPERIMENT HERE IN AKRON HAS BEEN SO SUCCESSFUL THAT THE NATIONAL EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE BOY SCOUTS IS ADOPTING AIR SCOUTING ON A NATIONAL BASIS!



BOY... WERE WE HAPPY! WE WERE SO PROUD AND EXCITED THAT WE ALMOST TORE DOWN THE ROOF!



FROM NOW ON THE AIR SCOUT PROGRAM WILL INCLUDE TWO KINDS OF TRAINING... ONE FOR BOYS UNDER 15.... THE OTHER FOR SCOUTS OVER 15!





THESE ARE THE INSIGNIA OF THE TWO GROUPS!

**OVER 15 YRS.**

- APPRENTICE AIR SCOUT
- AIR SCOUT OBSERVER
- AIR SCOUT CRAFTSMAN
- AIR SCOUT ACE

**UNDER 15 YRS.**

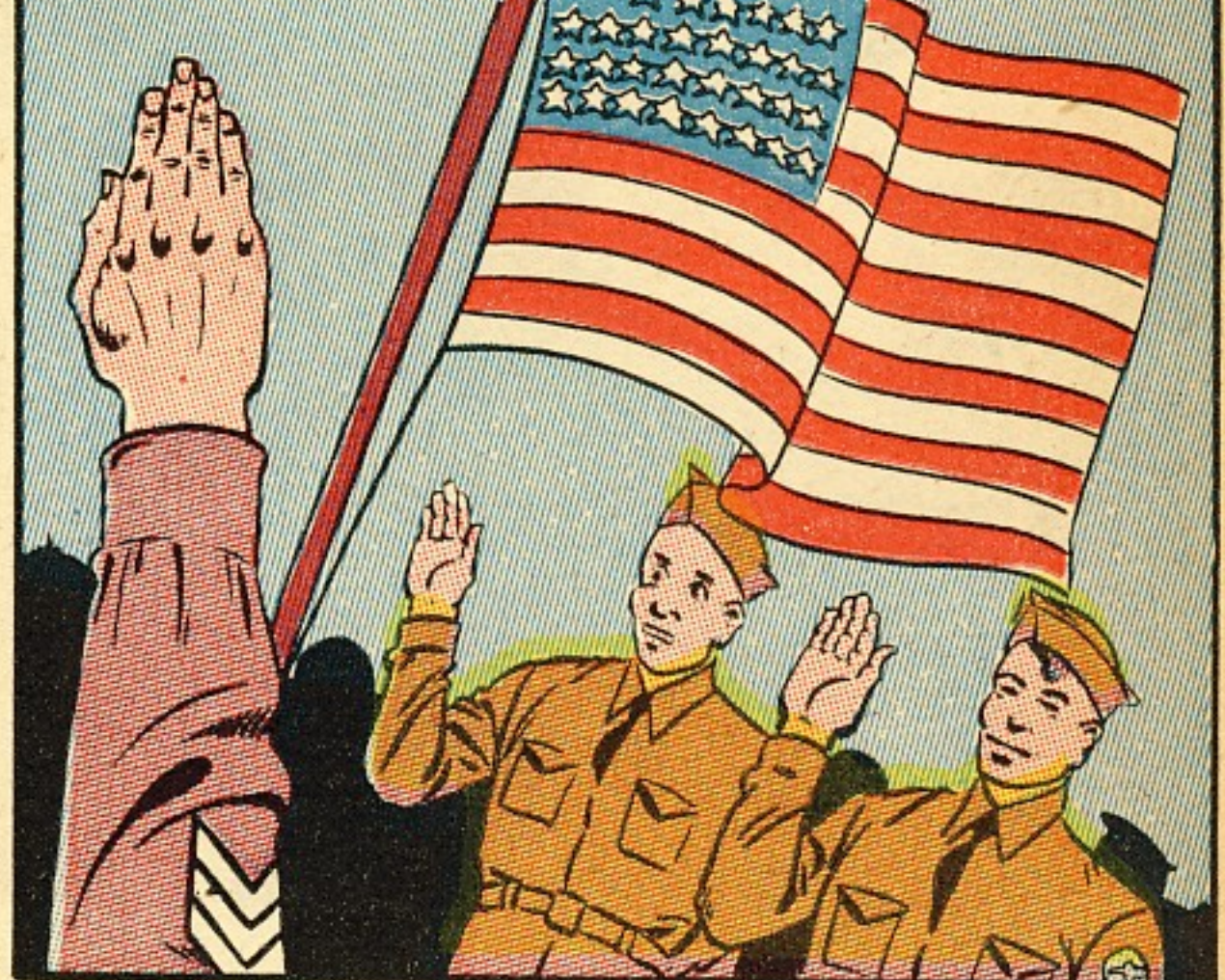
- TENDERFOOT AIR SCOUT
- 2ND CLASS AIR SCOUT
- 1ST CLASS AIR SCOUT



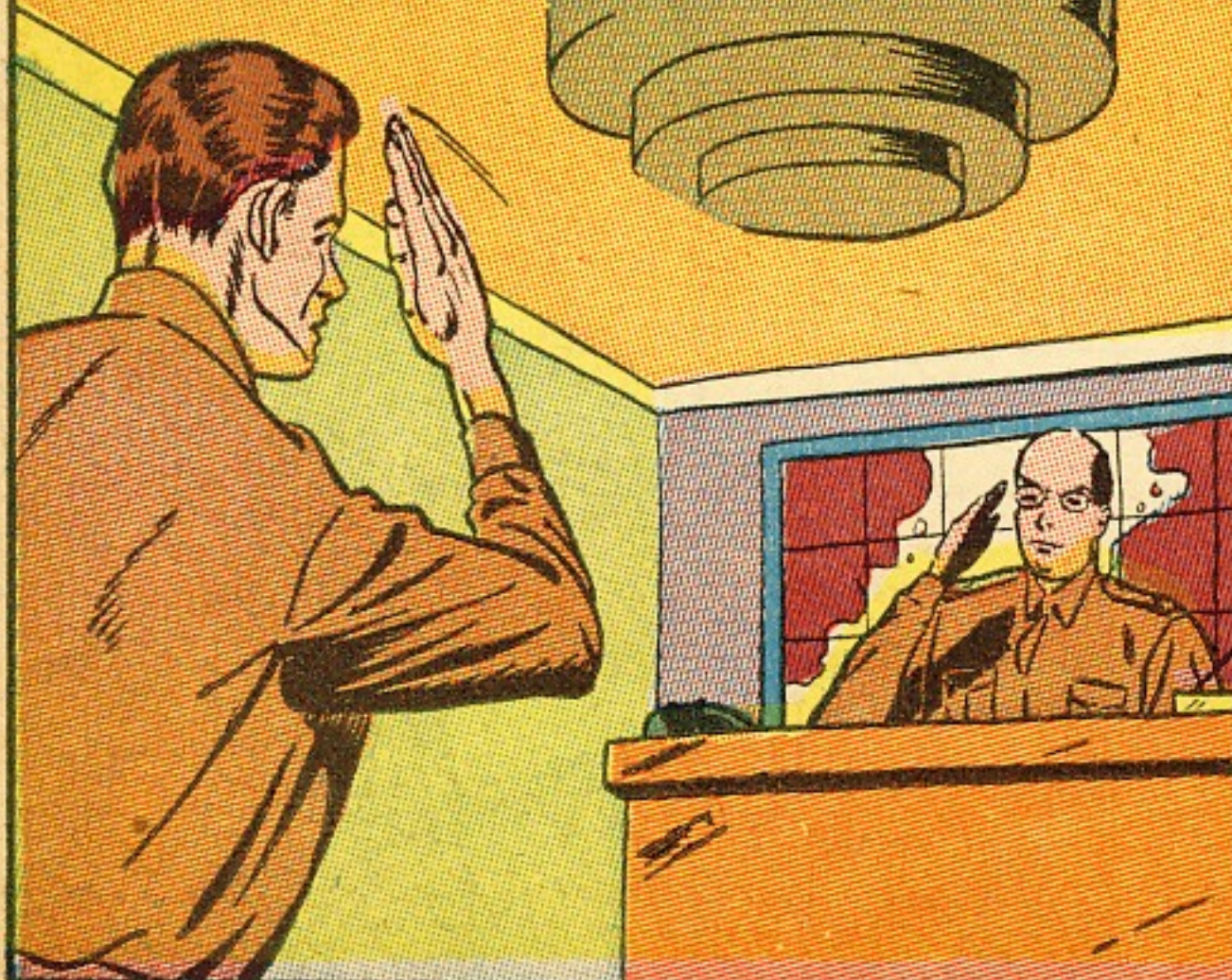
JEEPERS... YOU COULDN'T HAVE BOUGHT ME FOR A MILLION DOLLARS... THE DAY I RECEIVED MY CERTIFICATE OF RECOGNITION!



AFTER GRADUATION BOTH SPIKE AND I ENLISTED IN THE ARMY AIR FORCES!

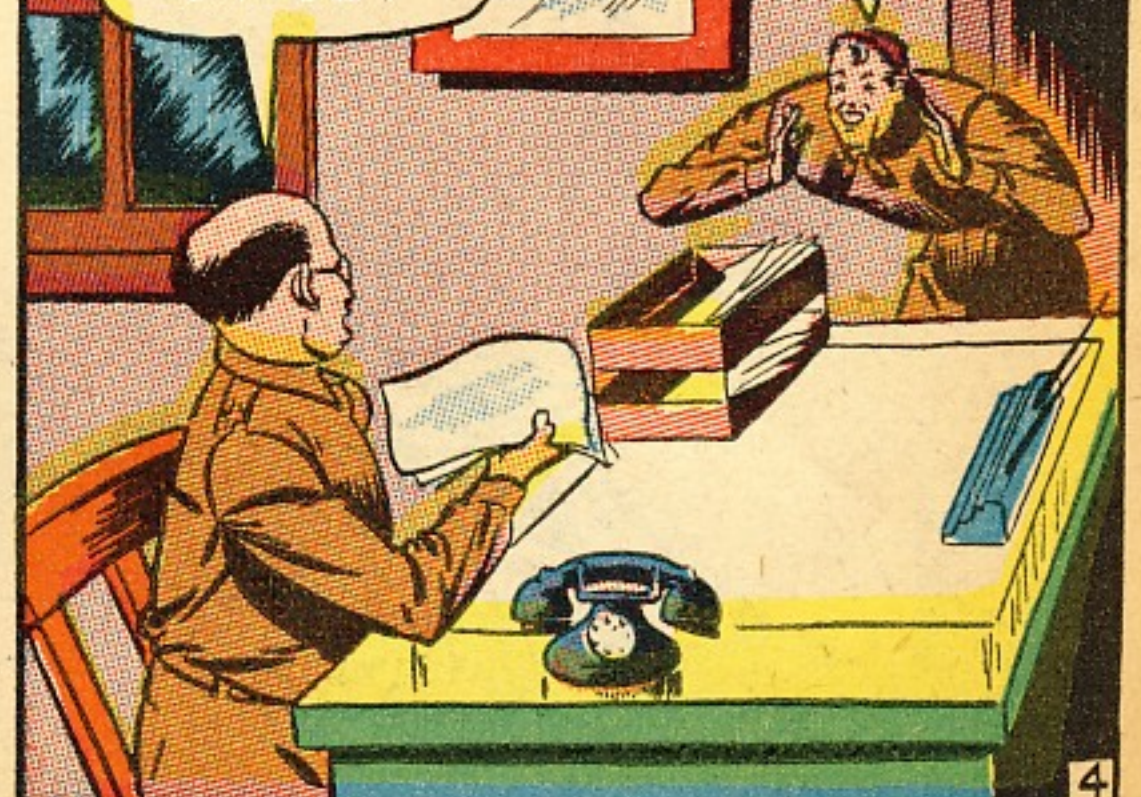


WE'D ALMOST FINISHED BASIC WHEN I WAS SUMMONED TO THE C O'S OFFICE!



JENNINGS, WE'VE BEEN KEEPING AN EYE ON YOU. WE THINK YOU'RE GOOD OFFICER'S MATERIAL. HOW'D YOU LIKE TO ATTEND OFFICERS TRAINING SCHOOL?

GOLLY. DO YOU REALLY MEAN THAT, SIR?





WHEN I REACHED OTC, THERE WAS SPIKE WAITING TO WELCOME ME!

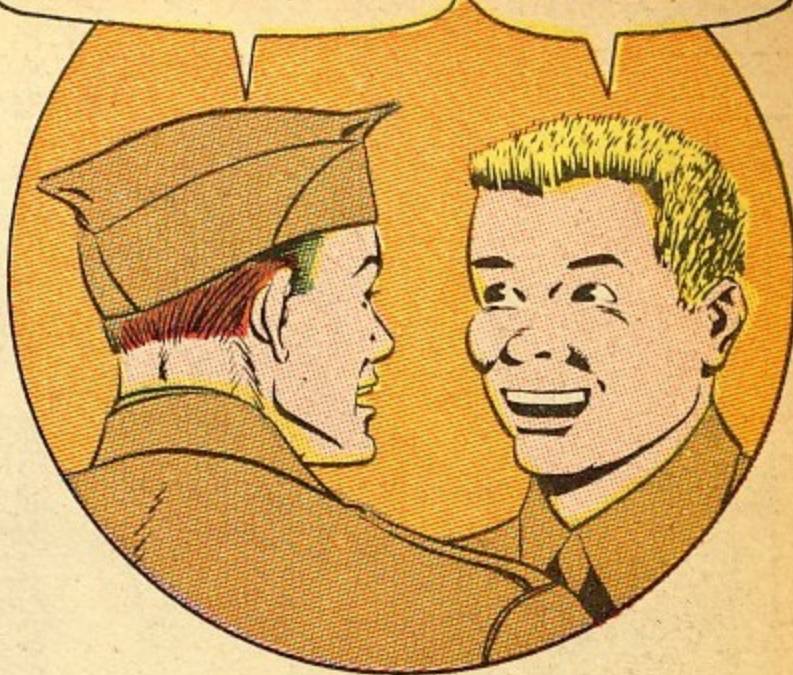
SPIKE!

RUSTY!

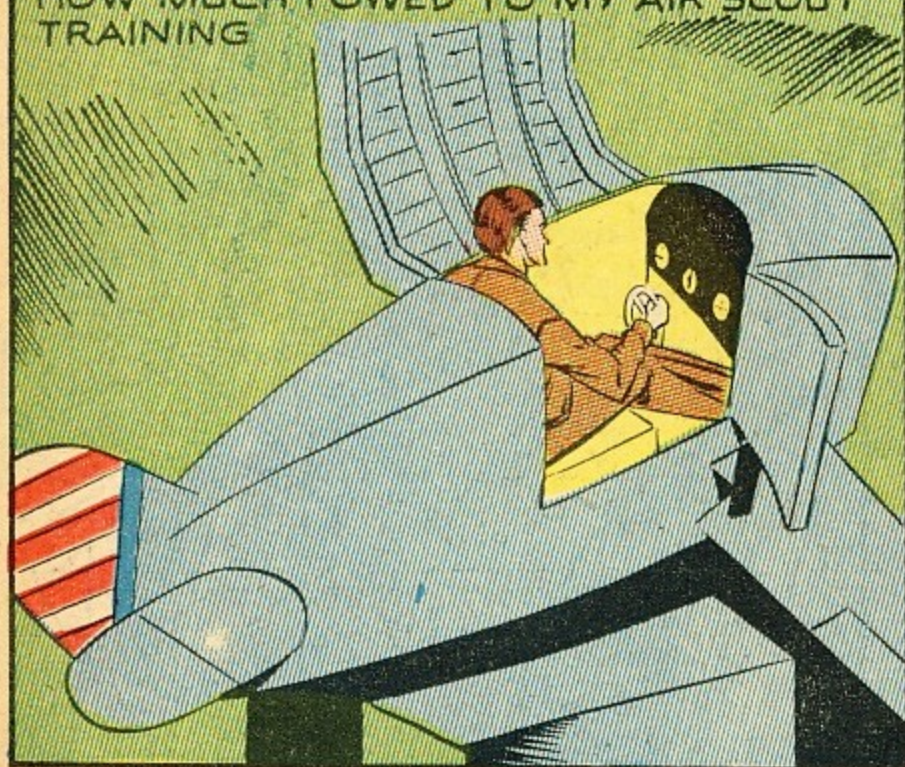


ARE THERE ANY MORE OF OUR AKRON AIR SCOUTS HERE, SPIKE?

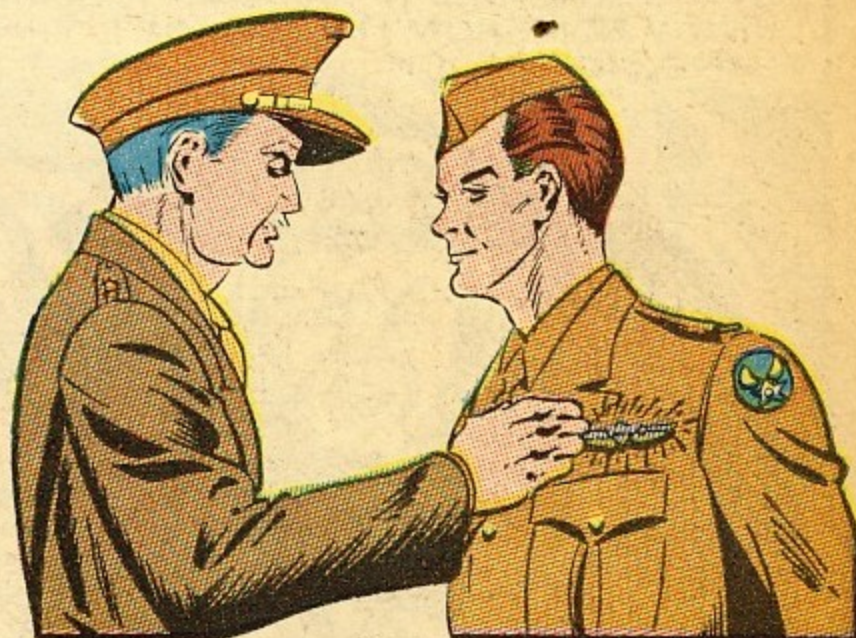
SURE THING, RUSTY. THIRTY-THREE OF 'EM!



I GUESS I TOOK TO AVIATION LIKE A DUCK TAKES TO WATER... SOON I REALIZED HOW MUCH I OWED TO MY AIR SCOUT TRAINING



FINALLY THE BIG DAY CAME AND I RECEIVED MY SILVER WINGS! AT LAST I WAS A FULL FLEDGED FLYER!



FINALLY I SAW ACTION... AND I CONFESS I WAS BOTH EXCITED AND SCARED!



BUT OVER THE TARGET, I WAS COOL AS A CUCUMBER... AND WE CERTAINLY LET THOSE NIPS HAVE IT!





WE COMPLETED OUR RUN, AND WERE GOING HOME WHEN SHANE SHOUTED...

HEY RUSTY...  
LOOK...ZEROS...  
THOUSANDS  
OF 'EM!

OUR BOYS FOUGHT BACK...BUT  
IT LOOKED PRETTY BAD WHEN  
THE PLANE CAUGHT FIRE!

THEN I GOT IT...RIGHT IN THE CHEST...  
BUT I PRETENDED IT WAS ONLY A SCRATCH.  
I KNEW SOMEHOW I HAD TO GET THAT  
PLANE HOME!

I BROUGHT THE PLANE IN ALL  
RIGHT...BUT THEN I COLLAPSED...  
AND THE NEXT THING I KNEW I WAS  
BACK IN THE STATES IN A  
HOSPITAL!

ON THE DAY I BECAME A MAJOR...MR.  
SHAMBURGER VISITED ME AT THE  
HOSPITAL. GOLLY, BUT I WAS SUR-  
PRISED TO HEAR THERE ARE ALMOST  
TWO MILLION AIR SCOUTS IN AMERICA  
TODAY!

I'M AN INSTRUCTOR NOW...BACK IN  
AKRON AGAIN. IN MY SPARE TIME  
I HELP WITH THE AIR SCOUTS...  
BECAUSE I KNOW IT'S THOSE BOYS...  
AND OTHERS LIKE THEM...WHO  
WILL KEEP THE UNITED STATES A  
GREAT AVIATION POWER IN A WORLD  
OF PEACE!

THE END





Another grey day, thought Red with disgust, as he peered at the weather forecast on the bulletin board with sleep-filled eyes. Outside, it was still quite dark except for the crescent of the last quarter of the moon and a faint tinge of light in the east. He yawned and stretched, then rolled into the mess hall, greeting the other members of the patrol with a laconic wave.

Hunched over his coffee, Red griped to the table at large, "Nuts to this getting up at the crack of dawn just to take a nice little ride in the sky. Don't we rate any excitement? Not only don't we see any action—we haven't seen hide nor hair of the Japs for a month now! I shoulda stood in bed!"

"Light up and shut up," answered Tom, opening a fresh pack of cigarettes and tossing one across the table. He mimicked one of the lectures from back home. "Or shall I tell you the story about the cogs and the machine? That's what we are, my carrot-topped friend, little cogs in the vast machinery of war!" Laughingly, he ducked the shower of missiles aimed at him from every part of the table.

It was getting lighter as the patrol walked over to the air-strip where their planes waited. The compact little Piper Cubs were already being warmed up when they arrived, sparks flashing from the whirling propeller blades in the misty dawn.

Red poked Tom a playful farewell right to the jaw. "Take you on for a hot game of gin," he yelled over the roar of the motors, "when we get back from this little jaunt!"

"Right you are, pal," called Tom, clambering into the cockpit.

One by one, the planes of the dawn patrol took off, disappearing into the cloudy skies!

Red's sleepy ill humor had vanished. High above the clouds, listening to the steady hum of the engine, he felt exhilarated and miles away from the war. He whistled softly to himself, taking in the beauty of the sunrise. The sun was just a red ball partially concealed by small clouds, but the lights and changing colors reflected on the clouds were indescribably beautiful.

Hey! he thought, snap out of this, Red, m'boy. There's a war going on! Better get downstairs and see what cooks!

He ducked down through the clouds. The sky seemed to close up behind him, forming a leaden grey ceiling. He skimmed along at 2000 feet, scanning the snow covered countryside that unrolled below him.

Suddenly Red spotted a fine line of snow silt that seemed out of place in that still, snowy landscape. He flew closer to take a look . . . then gasped for breath!

There below, bumper to fender, was a column of tanks, trucks, half-trucks, busses and trailers that stretched through the woods, down the rolling hill and disappeared into the mist.

"Wow!" Red yelled exultantly. "I've hit the jackpot!" He grabbed his microphone.

"Lt. Peters reporting! Lt. Peters reporting!" His voice crackled with excitement. He received the go ahead signal from the infantry base to which he was attached: "Just spotted a line of tanks and trucks. Must be hundreds of them. Let's have some air quick!" Swiftly he detailed his position, then ducked back into the clouds. "Wouldn't miss this for anything!" He hugged himself gleefully. "This is gonna be 'molder' as they say back home in Brooklyn. Oh, what I'd give for a crack at those guys!"



Back at division headquarters, the wires were humming. The air liaison officer up in forward observation post received the news and flashed word to the Tactical Air Force.

At TAC, they took a quick look at the operation chart and called the fighter control station.

The flight officer listened intently as the voice on the other end of the wire cracked out directions. As he listened, his heavy dark pencil circled the spot on the map—a circle of doom for the Japs!

In a matter of moments he was at his microphone, calling out the fighter squadron by their code names. The fighter pilots raced for their planes. Flight after flight took off, the Thunderbolts roaring in for the kill, at a speed of over 400 mph.

Meanwhile, Red zig-zagged in and out of the clouds, keeping the Jap column in sight. He was fairly dancing in his seat with excitement, squinting at the sky for the first signs of the fighter planes.

Then he saw them! High above the clouds, their four-bladed propellers glinting in the sun, the wicked tapering Thunderbolts appeared! . . . the fastest and most powerful single-seat fighters in the world!

As they spotted their slow moving target, they dove! Their guns spat fire, cutting down the Japs like ripe wheat beneath scythes!

The Jap formation broke and scattered . . . tiny black figures ran for cover . . . but they couldn't escape the roaring vengeance from the sky! Feebly, they tried to fight back, setting up machine guns behind trucks and in whatever natural cover they could find.

Red was almost choking with excitement, as he watched the annihilation of the Japs! His little plane skipped in and out of the clouds, trying to see the show and yet keep out of the way of the chattering guns of the Thunderbolts!

As he watched, he saw the Jap trucks and tanks explode one after another, columns of flames shooting high in the sky as oil and ammunition supplies went up in pillars of smoke!

Methodically, the Thunderbolts strafed and bombed the Jap column . . . a perfect target against the white snow, now littered with fragments of wrecked Japanese equipment and crumpled figures.

The devastation was complete! There was no sign of life now from the smoking and blackened ruins of the once-powerful mechanized column.

As swiftly as they had appeared, the powerful fighter planes disappeared . . . target sighted and destroyed. Mission completed.

Red flew low for a final look, then raced for home, his gas tank almost empty.

As soon as his ship landed, he was almost mobbed!

"What happened?"

"Give us the story!"

"Oh, you Red!"

Red waved them off nonchalantly. "First I've gotta report to the commanding officer! Then I may condescend to talk to you little cogs!" He ducked Tom's wadded scarf, and strolled off to headquarters.

The commanding officer returned Red's smart salute.

"That was a fine job you did, Lt. Peters. But the rest of the squadron reported in nearly an hour ago. Would you mind informing me just where you've been?"

Red swallowed hard and eyed the stern-faced commander. "Well, sir, since I was there I thought . . . You see, sir, I knew you'd want a first hand report, so . . . well, I stayed around to get all the details for you!" Red finished with an ingenious smile.

The CO's eyes twinkled. "You had it coming to you, I suppose, Lieutenant. We won't say any more about it." He held his hand out to Red.

"Congratulations again, Lt. Peters! I'll see to it that you are cited in my report!"

"Thank you, sir!" Red saluted briskly, then dashed back to the mess hall.

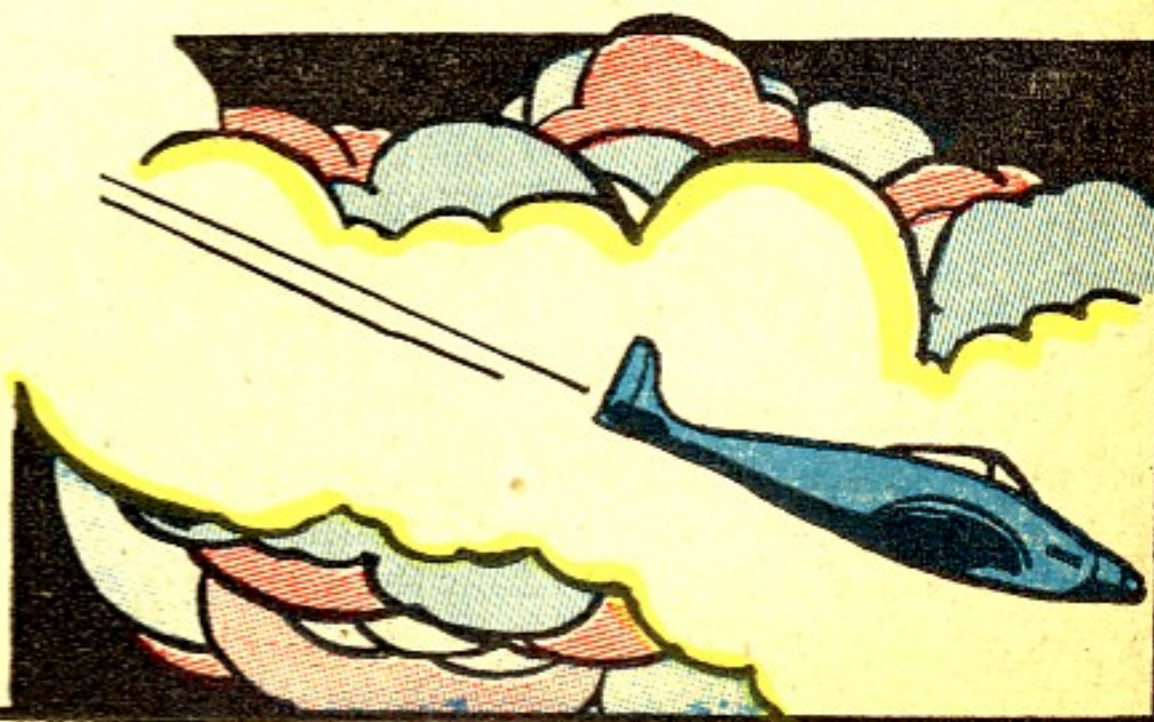
Between mouthfuls of good hot food and gulps of strong coffee, Red related his adventures to the excited patrol.

"I'm going along quiet-like, minding my own business, when what do I spot but a bunch of tanks and stuff ambling along a road. When I duck down to see what plays, I see they're all marked with a nice big rising sun on the side! Well, I call home and before you can 'banzai' backwards . . . a flock of our guys appear . . . Thunderbolts! Say, they're the prettiest fighters I've ever seen! Would I like to handle those babies!" Red paused, smiling reflectively.

"Quit stalling, carrot-top! Get on with the story!" cried Tom.

"Okay, okay. So like I said, the Thunderbolts zoom in and bang, bang, boom, it's all over! Then they high-tail it for home. I go down for a look-see, and there ain't nothin' left but a bunch of scrap iron. And when I report to the Major, he says, 'Nice work, Lt. Peters. I'll see that you are rewarded!'"

Red polished the gold bar on his shoulder carefully. "Y'know," he said, beaming blissfully around the table, "I think I'll trade this hunk of brass in for a nice, shiny silver bar—or maybe a couple of silver bars—so all you guys can salute me . . . nice and polite!"





# AIR COMMANDOS OF MERCY

By GUKELL

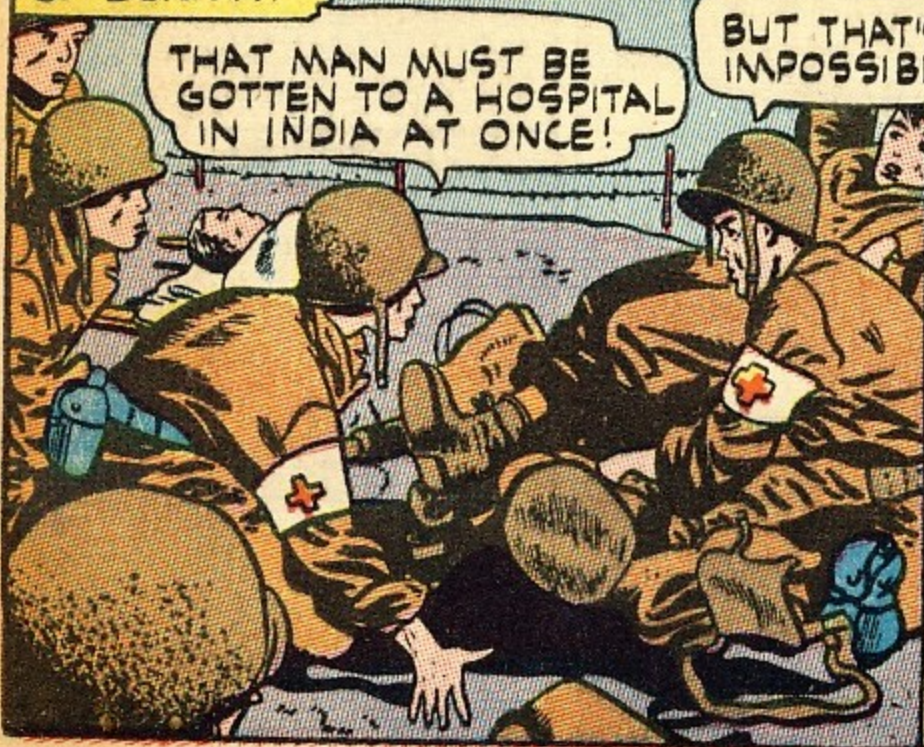
THEY SAID IT COULDN'T BE DONE... BUT THE U.S. FIRST AIR COMMANDO GROUP WENT RIGHT AHEAD AND DID IT... PUTTING THE WORLD'S FIRST SUCCESSFUL GLIDER AMBULANCE SERVICE INTO OPERATION, EVACUATING FROM THE VERY JAWS OF DEATH IN THE JUNGLES OF BURMA!



AS THE BRITISH 14 TH. ARMY PUSHES THE JAPS DEEP INTO MOUNTAINOUS JUNGLES OF BURMA!

THAT MAN MUST BE GOTTEN TO A HOSPITAL IN INDIA AT ONCE!

BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



THE NEXT DAY!

IT TAKES DAYS TO EVACUATE OUR WOUNDED THROUGH THE DENSE UNDERGROWTH TRAILS. HUNDREDS ARE DYING BECAUSE WE CAN'T GET THEM TO IMPHAL QUICKLY ENOUGH!

IF ONLY WE COULD TRANSPORT THEM BY AIR!





SUDDENLY... AN OFFICER OF THE U.S. FIRST AIR COMMANDO GROUP APPEARS IN THE TENT.

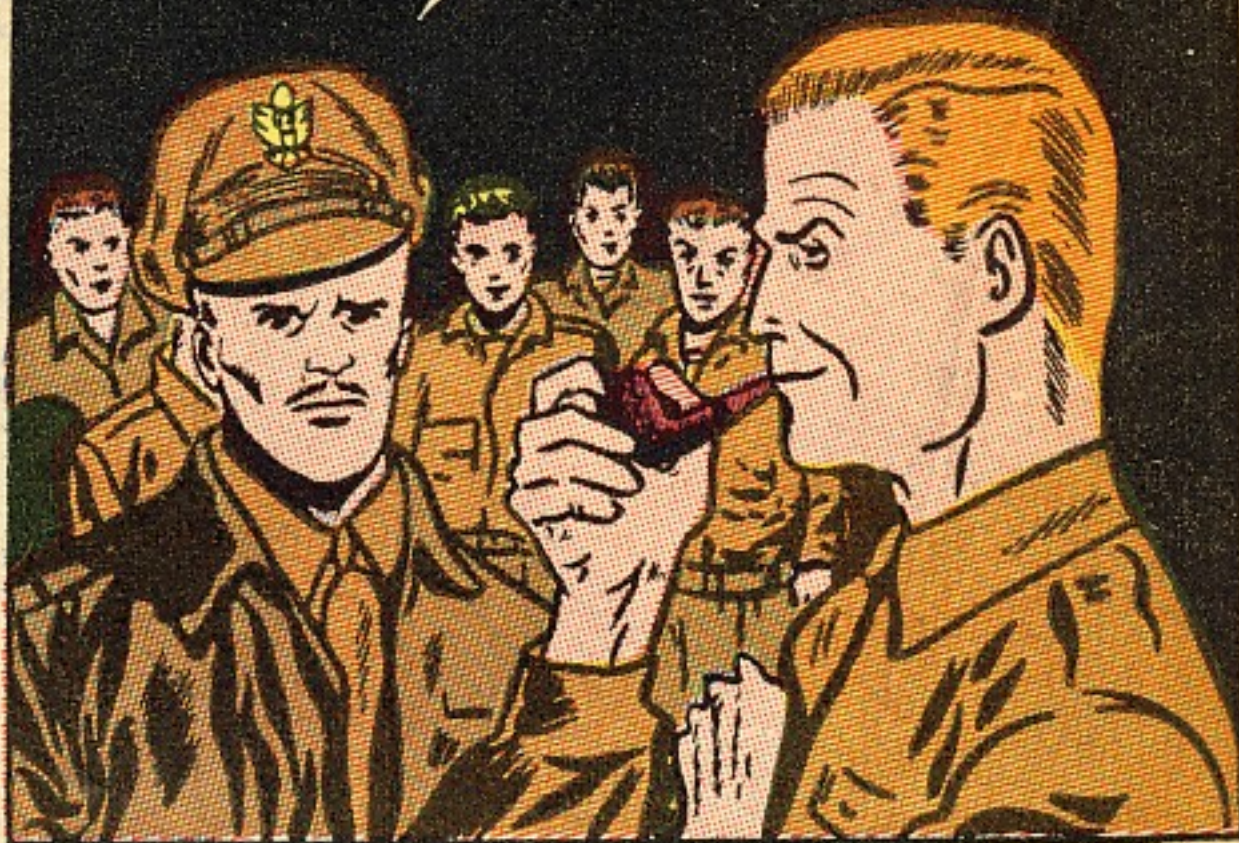
GENTLEMEN I THINK THAT CAN BE DONE!

BUT... BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! IT'S MUCH TOO DANGEROUS!



WE'VE PERFECTED A TECHNIQUE IN U.S. GLIDER SCHOOLS THAT SHOULD WORK HERE...

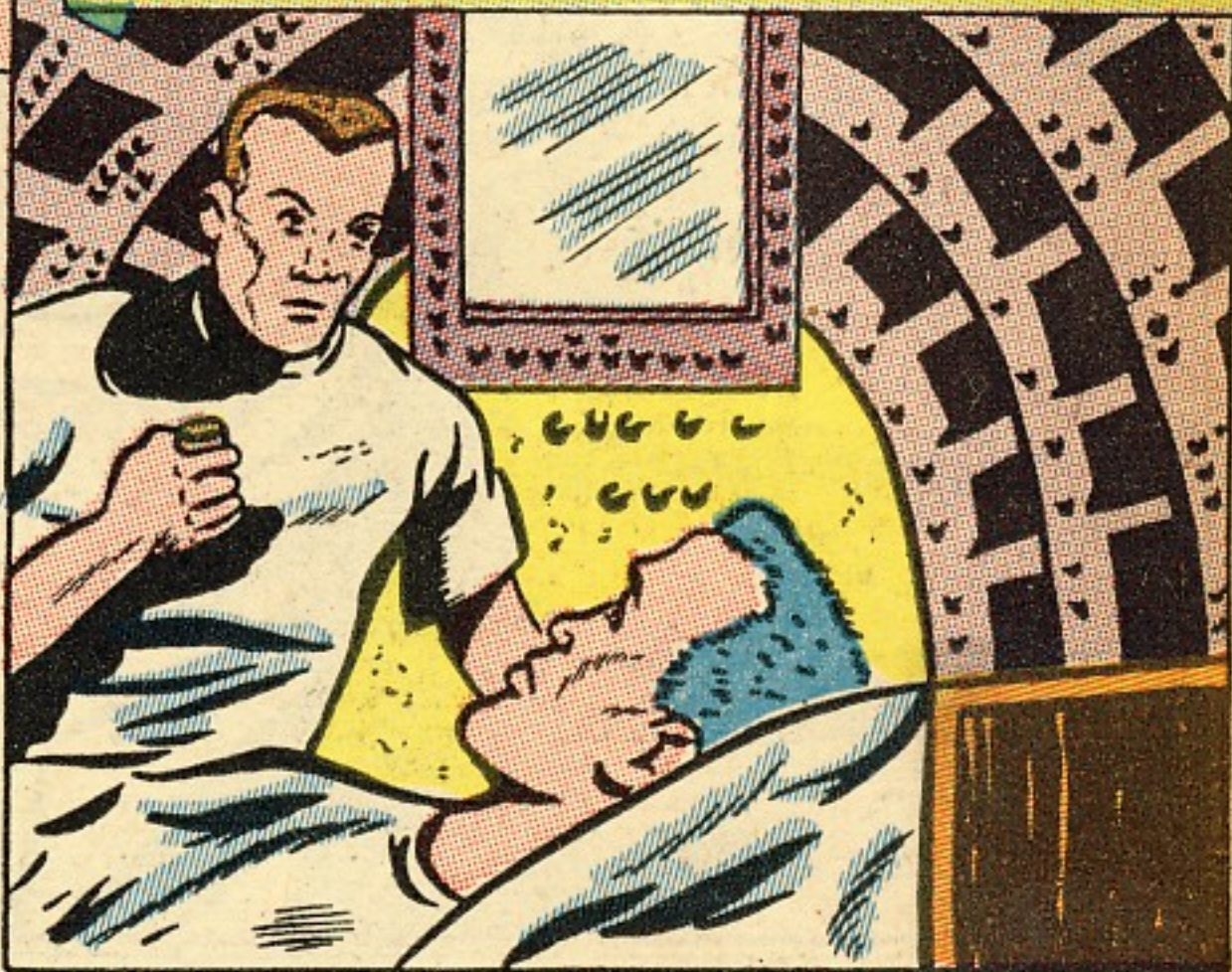
OF COURSE... GLADLY!



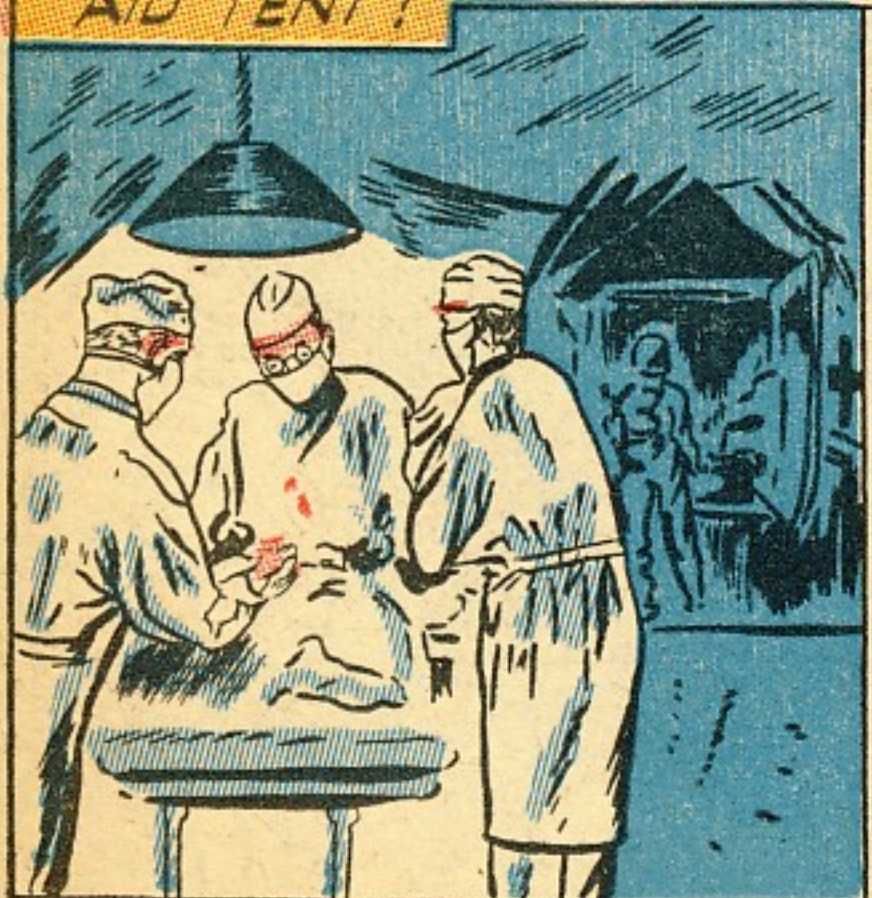
LATER... INCHING THROUGH BUMPY JUNGLE TRAILS... AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE AMBULANCES BRING THE WOUNDED FROM THE BURMA BATTLEFRONT TO CASUALTY CLEARING STATION!



ENROUTE WITH AFRICAN TROOP CASUALTIES... SEDATIVES ARE GIVEN TO EASE THE PAIN!



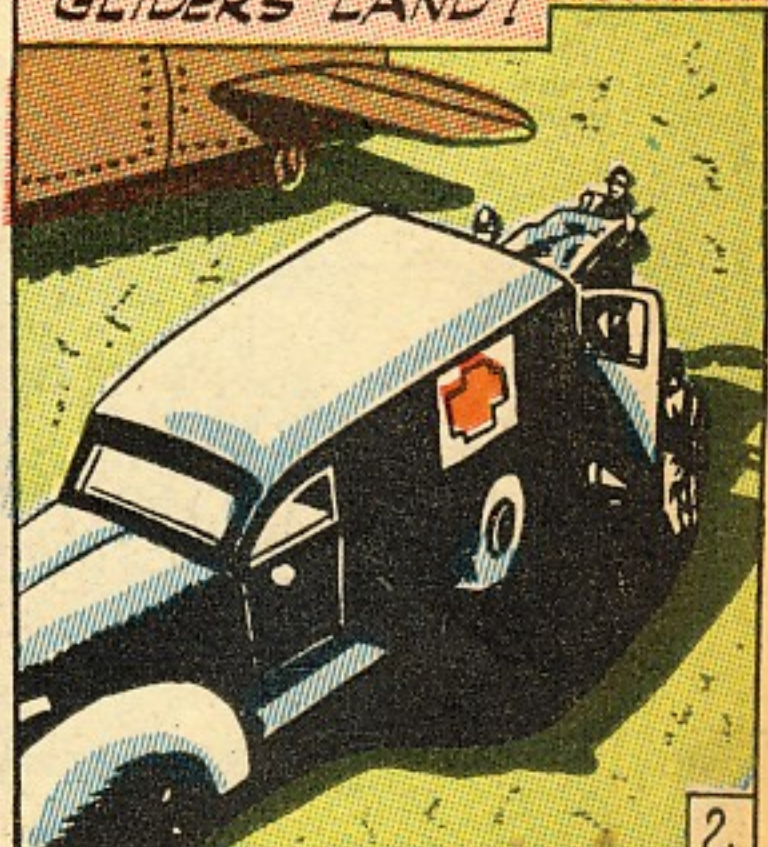
AT THE CLEARING STATION... STRETCHER CASES ARE RUSHED INTO THE FIRST AID TENT!



IN EMERGENCIES... OPERATIONS ARE PERFORMED IN TENTS!

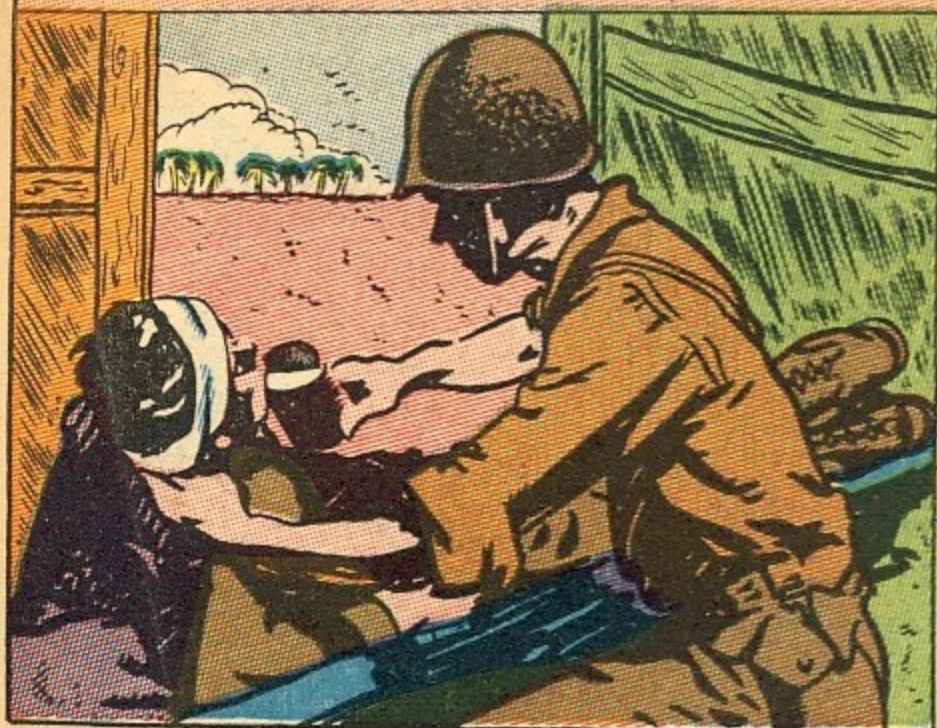


THEN... THE WOUNDED ARE RETURNED TO THE AMBULANCES... TO RIDE TO THE FIELD WHERE THE GLIDERS LAND!

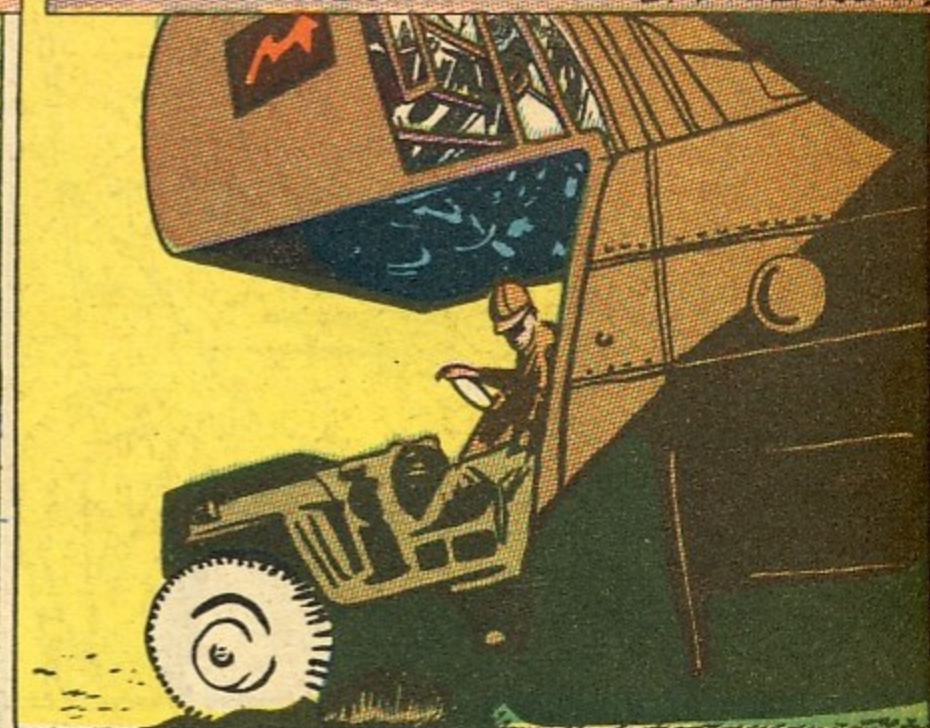




**T**HE INJURED ARE PLACED IN COOL GRASS HUTS UNTIL A PLACE IS READY FOR THEM ON A GLIDER AMBULANCE!



**A** MOMENT AFTER THE GLIDER LANDS... A JEEP LUMBERS OUT-- AND PROCEEDS TO THE BATTLEFRONT!



**S**OMETIMES THE GLIDER BRINGS GUNS - SUPPLIES AND MAILED!



**M**EANWHILE... THE TOW PLANE CIRCLES OVERHEAD!



**T**HEN... ONE BY ONE THE INJURED SOLDIERS ARE LOADED INTO THE GLIDER!



**W**ITH ALL THE MEN ABOARD... THE BIG 8,000 POUND GLIDER IS PUSHED TO FACE THE HEADWIND BY NATIVE BURMESE!

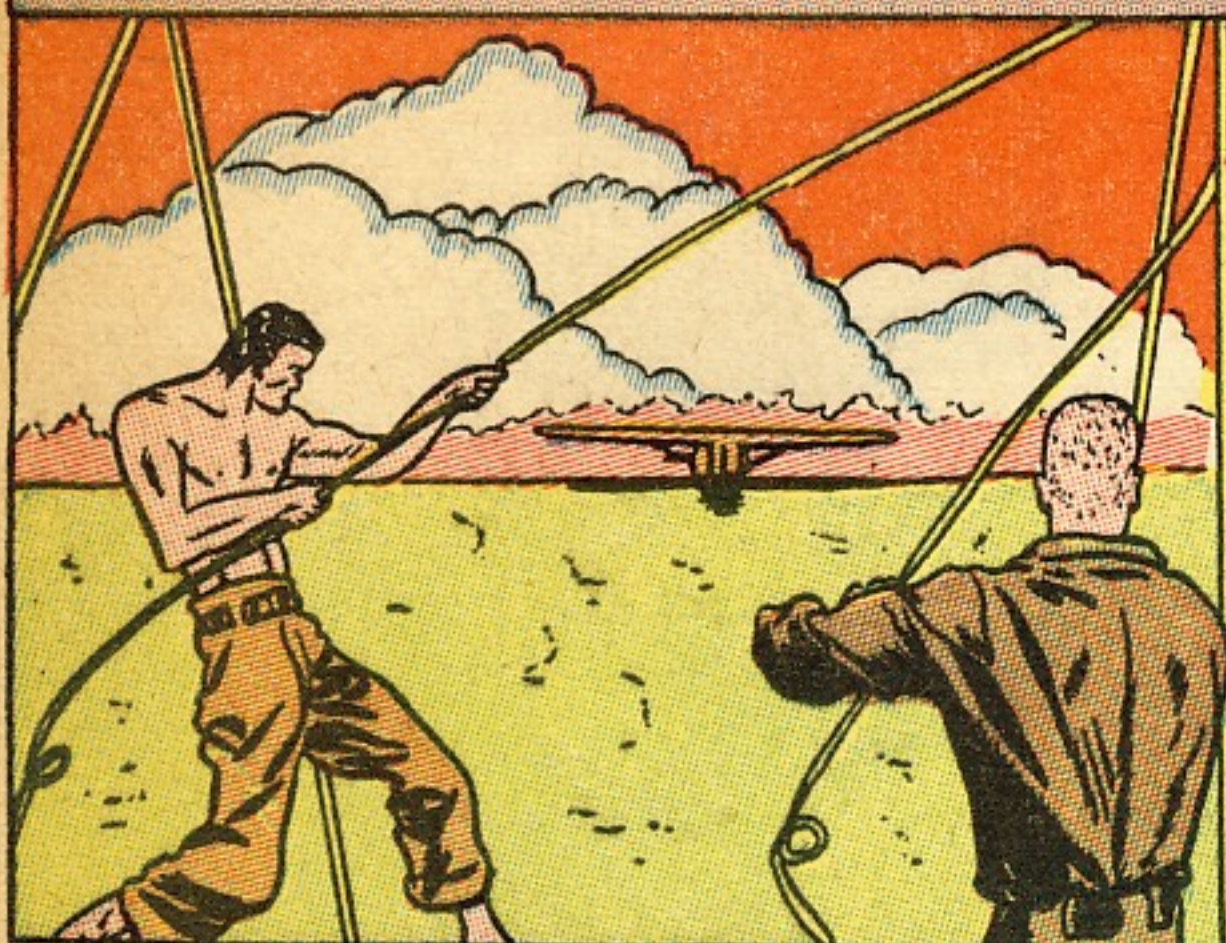


**N**EXT... A NYLON TOW LINE IS ATTACHED TO THE GLIDER'S NOSE BY THE GROUND CREW!

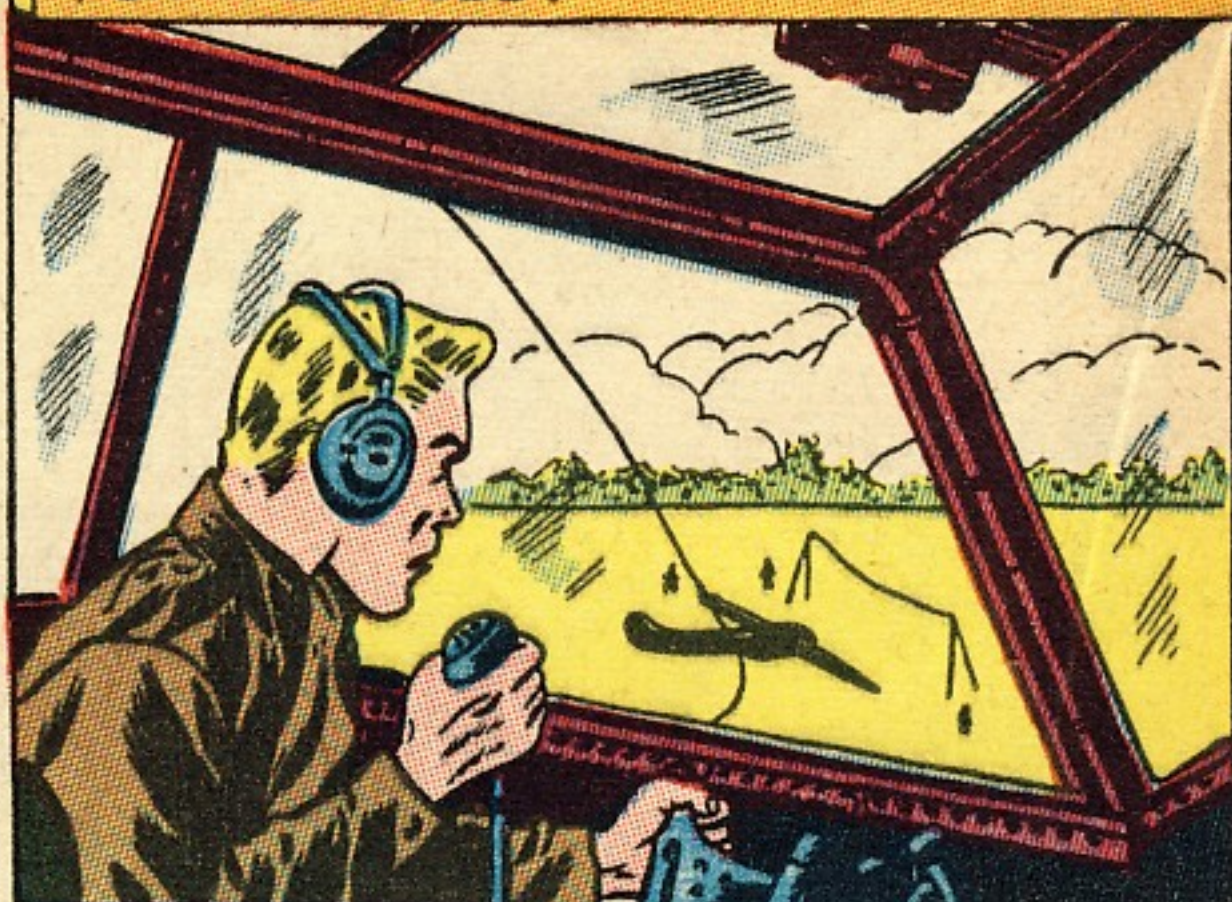




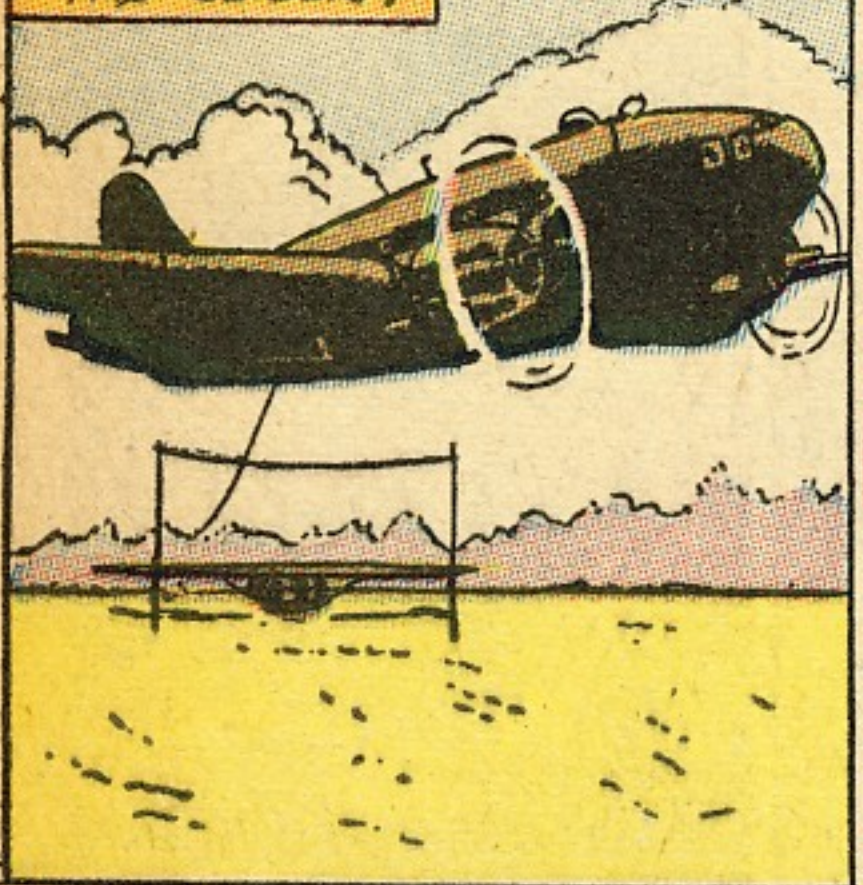
**M**AKING READY FOR THE PLANE...THE TOW LINE IS LOOPED OVER 2 POLES... 10 FEET APART AND 15 FEET HIGH!



**A**S THE TRANSPORT SWOOPS LOW, THE PILOT NOTICES THE "READY" FLAG ON THE GROUND.. AND HEADS FOR THE POLES!



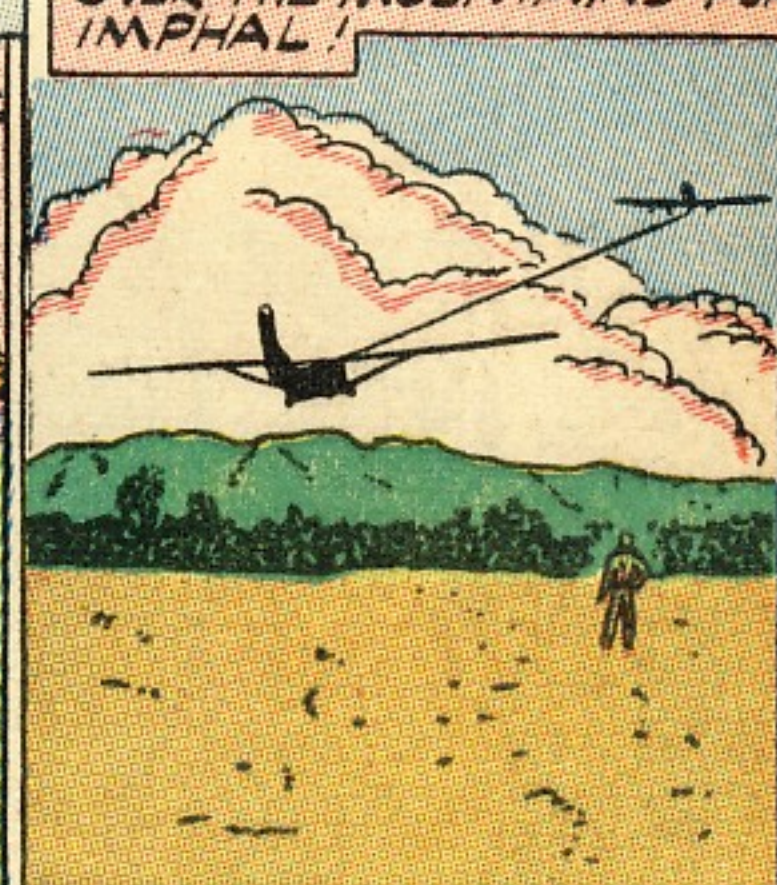
**P**ASSING OVER THE POLES.. THE PLANE'S SNATCH HOOK CATCHES UP THE LOOP-ED TOW LINE ATTACHED TO THE GLIDER!



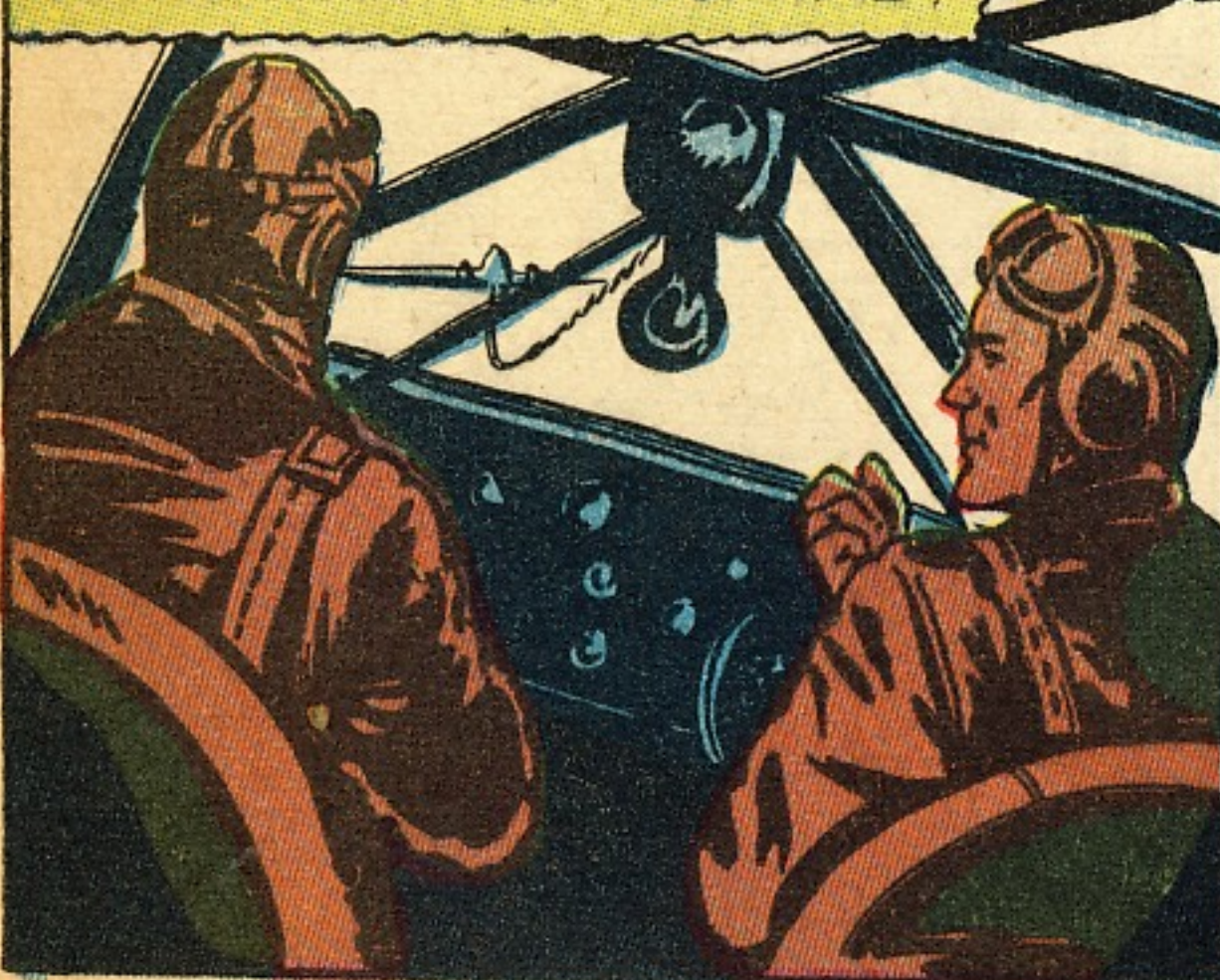
**T**AKING OFF AS EASILY AS A BIRD... THE GLIDER SOARS INTO THE AIR... AS A REEL IN THE PLANE ADJUSTS THE SLACK IN THE TOW LINE!



**S**PEEDILY SOARING OVER THE JUNGLE... THE GLIDER RISES QUICKLY... AS THE TRANSPORT HEADS OVER THE MOUNTAINS FOR IMPHAL!



**K**EEPING A CAREFUL WATCH ON THE TOW PLANE THROUGH HIS WINDOW... THE PILOT APPROACHES THE HOSPITAL!

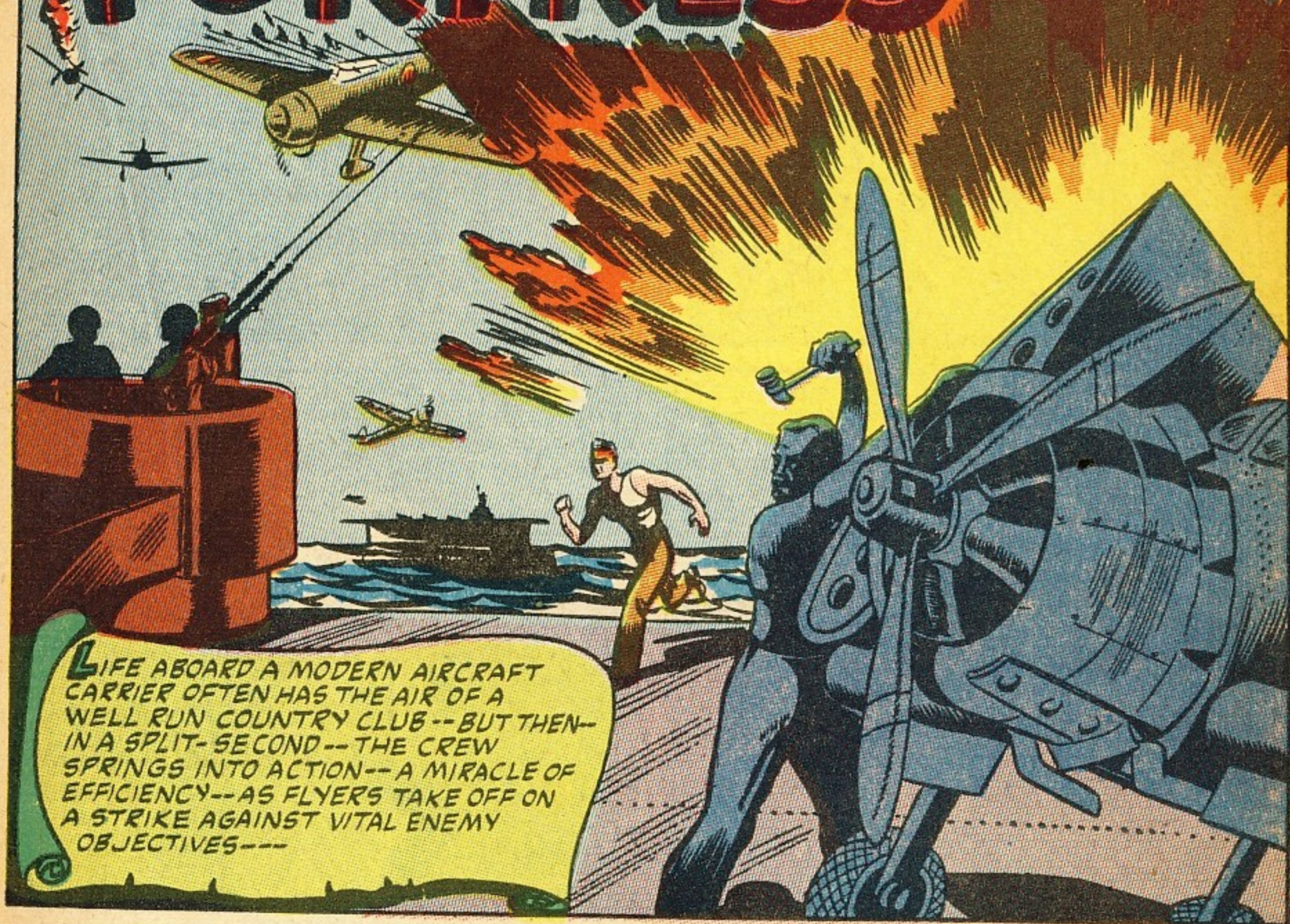


**I**NSIDE THE AMBULANCE GLIDER..WHICH HOLDS 6 STRETCHERS OR 18 SITTING PATIENTS... THE MEN SAY A SILENT PRAYER FOR THE HEROIC AIR COMMANDOS OF MERCY...WHO HAVE SAVED THEIR LIVES!





# FLOATING FORTRESS



**L**IFE ABOARD A MODERN AIRCRAFT CARRIER OFTEN HAS THE AIR OF A WELL RUN COUNTRY CLUB--BUT THEN--IN A SPLIT-SECOND--THE CREW SPRINGS INTO ACTION--A MIRACLE OF EFFICIENCY--AS FLYERS TAKE OFF ON A STRIKE AGAINST VITAL ENEMY OBJECTIVES---

**A**S THE MIGHTY CARRIER PROWLs THE SEA, SEARCHING FOR ENEMY SHIPS---FLYERS SPEND MOST OF THEIR WAKING HOURS IN THE AIR CONDITIONED READY ROOM!



**B**UT ON DUTY--THEY SPEND LONG HOURS IN FULL FLYING GEAR, WAITING FOR COMBAT ORDERS WHICH MAY COME AT ANY SECOND--



**B**ECAUSE HE MUST BE FREE TO WORK AT FLYING-- THE FLYER IS SELDOM BURDENED BY ROUTINE DUTIES---



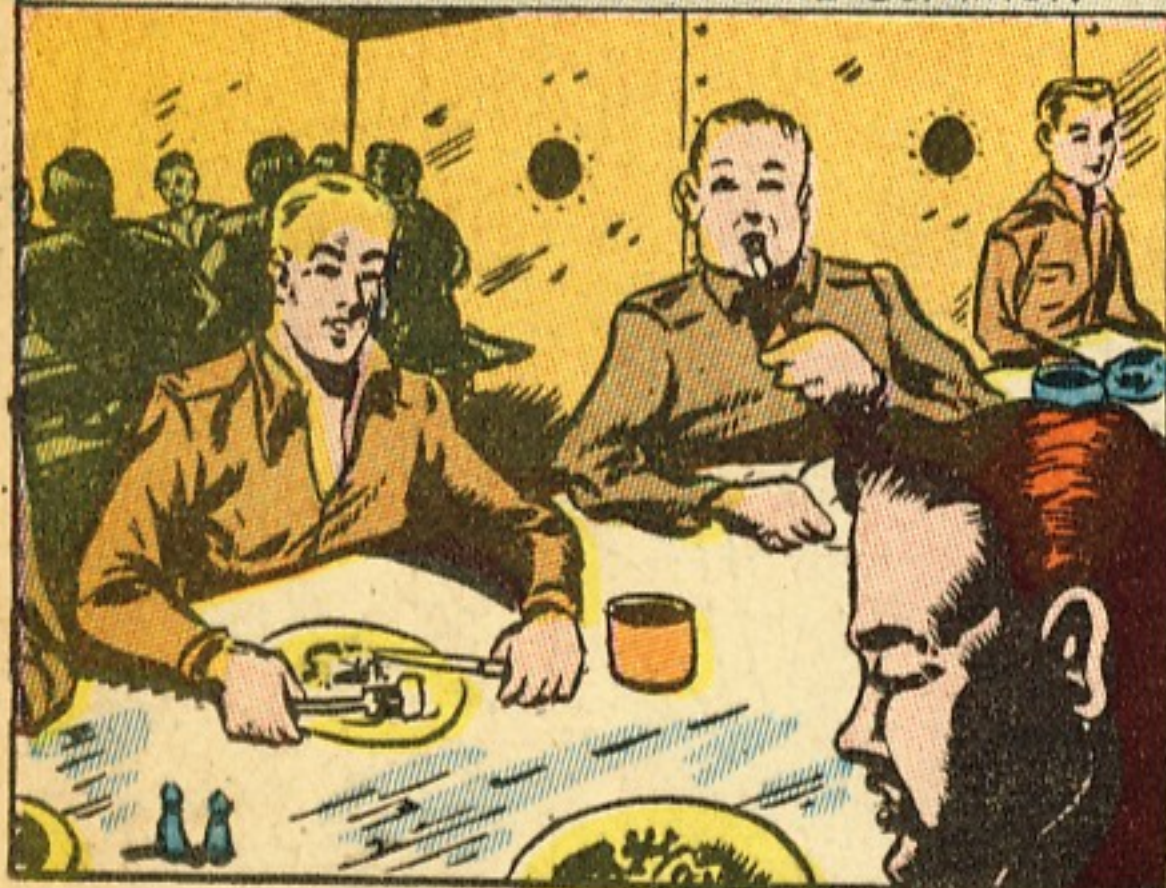
**H**OWEVER--ALL OF THEM TAKE TURNS RUNNING THE SQUADRON AS DUTY OFFICERS.



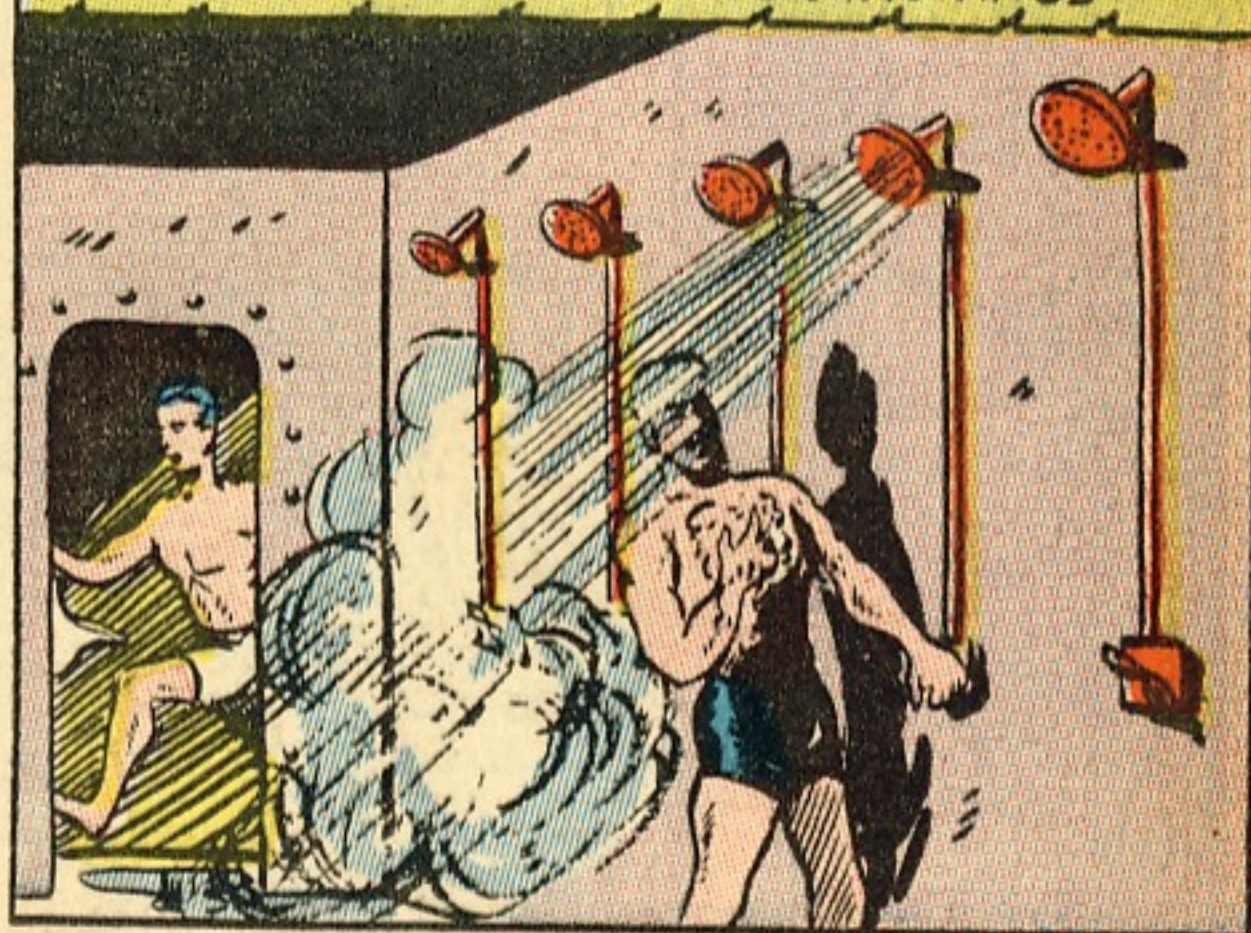
**C**OMBAT CARRIERS ARE ALWAYS OVER-CROWDED--THE LIVING QUARTERS ARE FILLED TO CAPACITY---



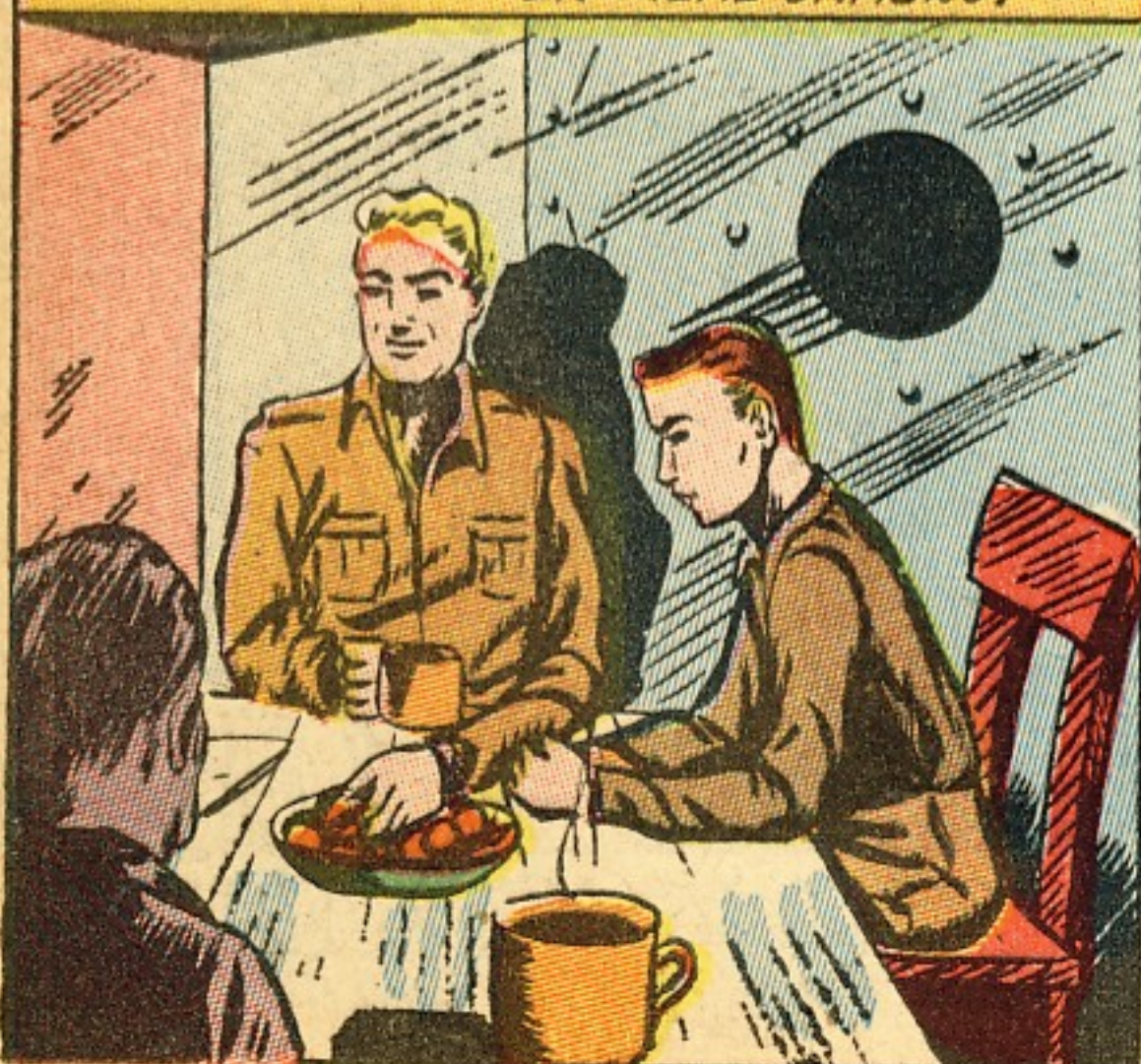
**T**HE FOOD IS VERY GOOD--BUT WARDROOM MESSES ARE SO CROWDED, THAT SECOND AND EVEN THIRD SITTINGS ARE COMMON---



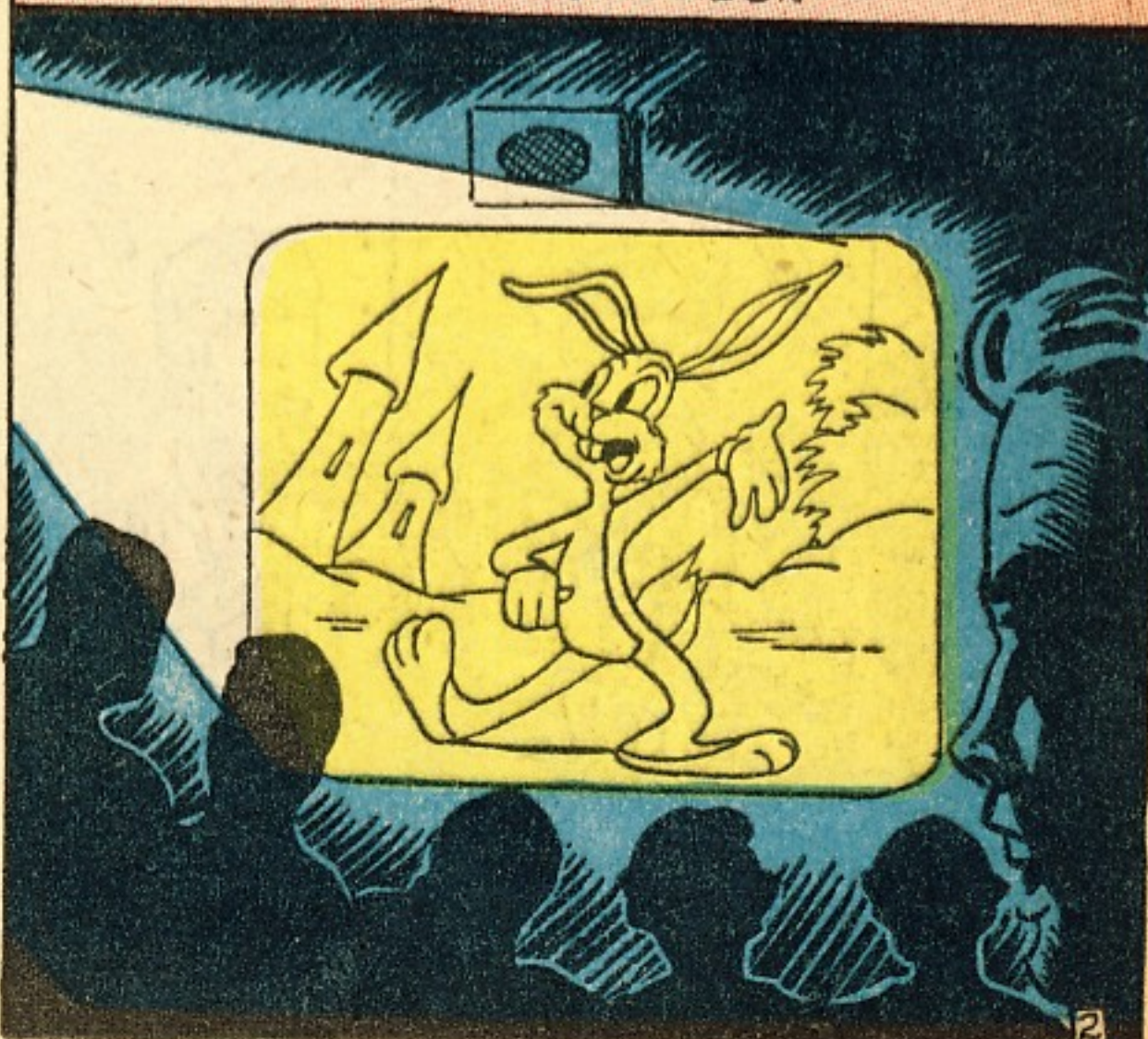
**B**UT THERE ARE DEFINITE COMPENSATIONS--THE DAILY HOT SHOWERS FOR INSTANCE--



**P**IRMSMEN CAN ENJOY COFFEE, TEA OR MILK AT ANY HOUR--PLUS FRESH FRUIT AND CANDY FOR BETWEEN MEAL SNACKS!



**W**HEN CONDITIONS PERMIT--MOVIES ARE SHOWN ON THE HANGAR DECK---





**S**WIMMING IS ENCOURAGED--  
WITH THE TORPEDO BLISTER  
BECOMING A DIVING PLATFORM!



I CONTEND THAT  
HE DID AN OUT-  
SIDE LOOP AND  
A HALF ROLL  
TO LAND!

THE GUY'S  
BALMY--ANYONE  
CAN SEE IT WAS  
AN INSIDE LOOP  
AND A STALL!



**I**N THE BUNKROOM--THE  
ATMOSPHERE IS MUCH THE  
SAME AS A COLLEGE FRATERNITY

**T**HE HIGH POINT OF ANY  
DAY IS WHEN MAIL ARRIVES--

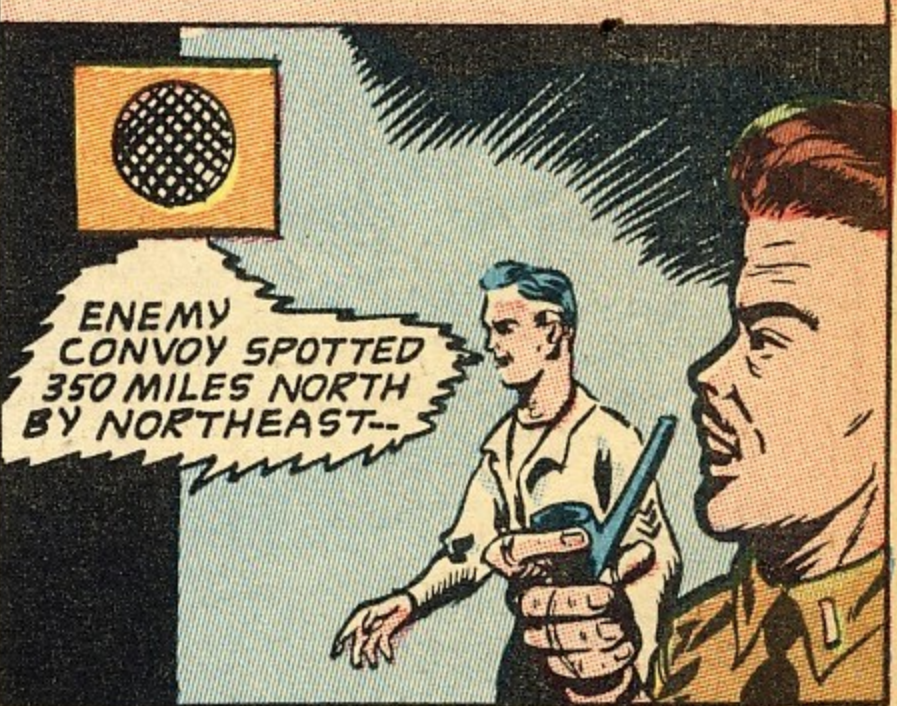
-COLLINS!



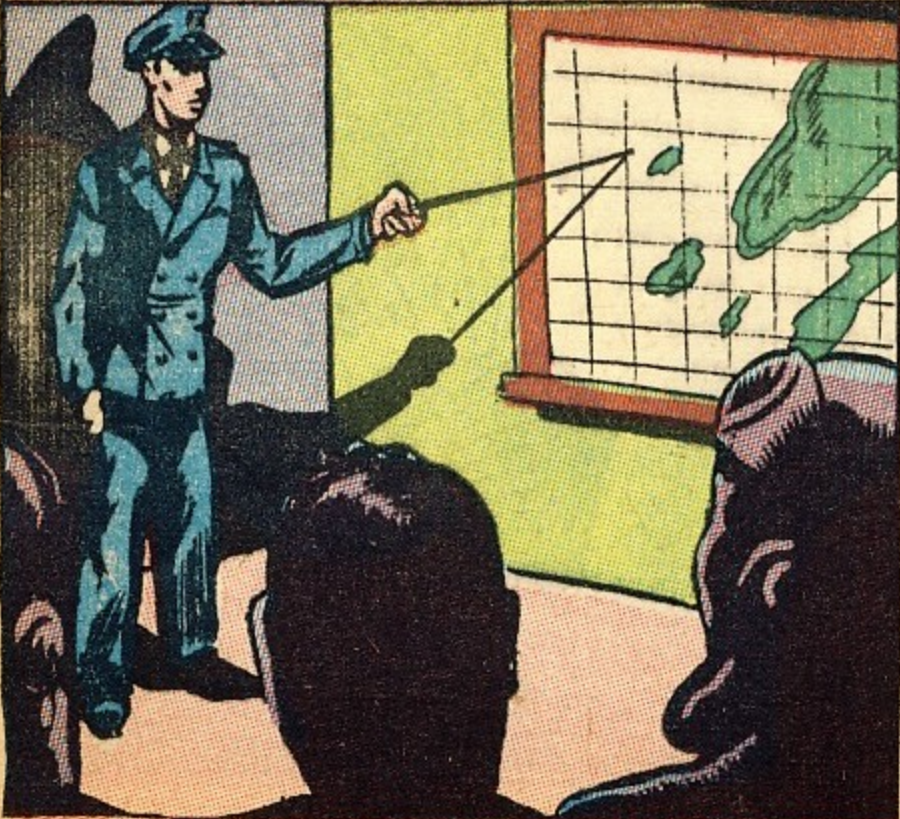
**A**LMOST AS POPULAR IS WRITING HOME---



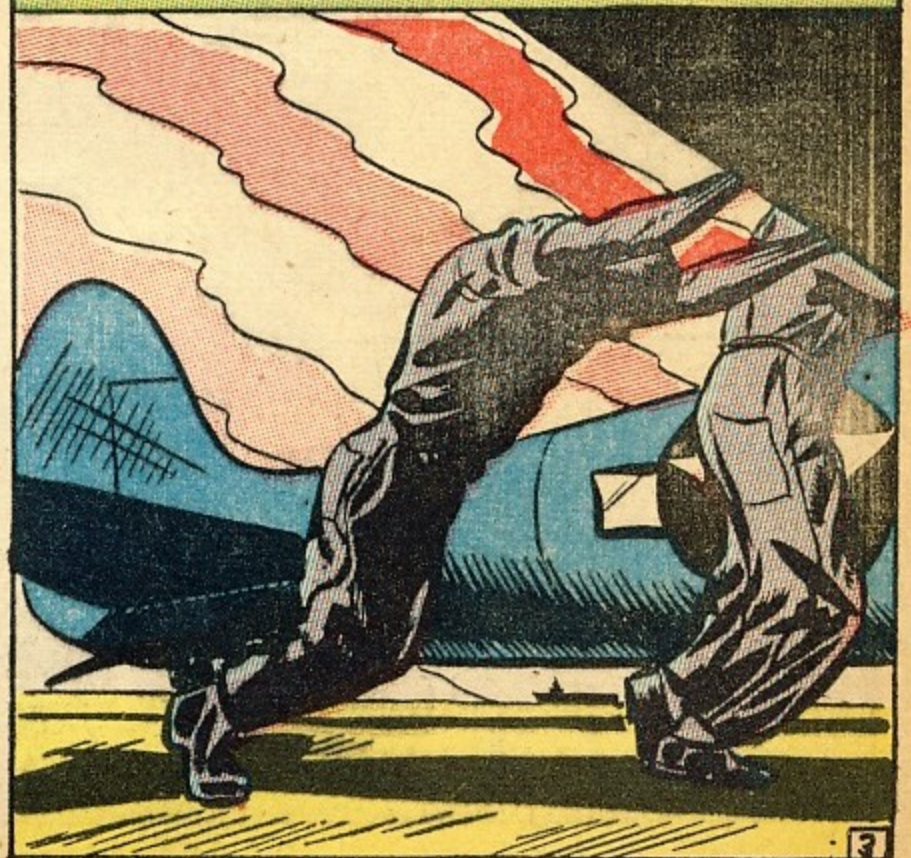
**T**HEN-- ONE DAY IN THE READY ROOM---



**S**HORTLY AFTERWARDS-- THE MEN ARE  
BRIEFED ABOUT ROUTES, TARGETS AND  
THE ENEMY---



**O**N DECK--THE BOMBERS ARE PUSHED  
INTO POSITION---





WHEN THE PLANES ARE  
BOMBED UP---

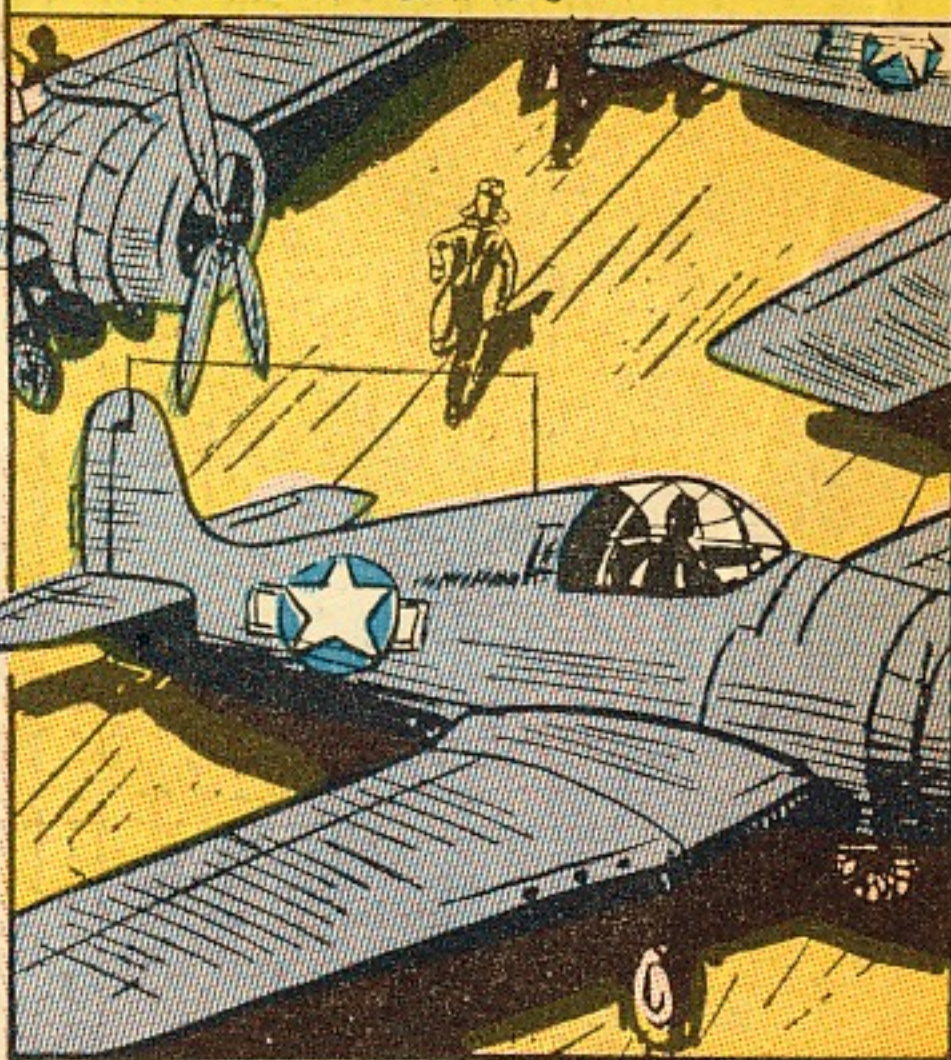


A MOMENT LATER--  
IN THE READY ROOM--

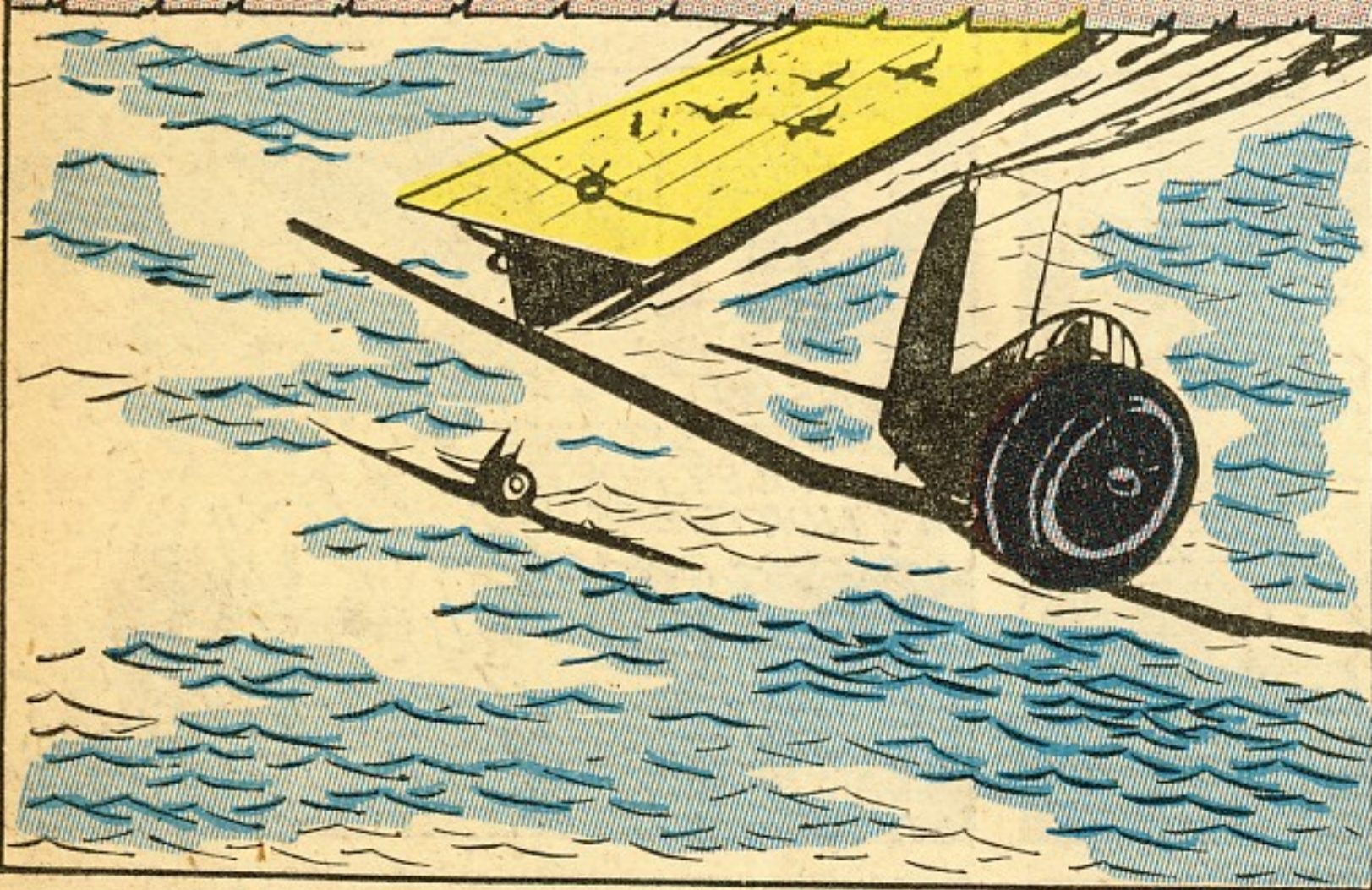
PILOTS MAN YOUR  
PLANES



RUSHING ON DECK, THE MEN LEAP  
INTO THEIR PLANES---



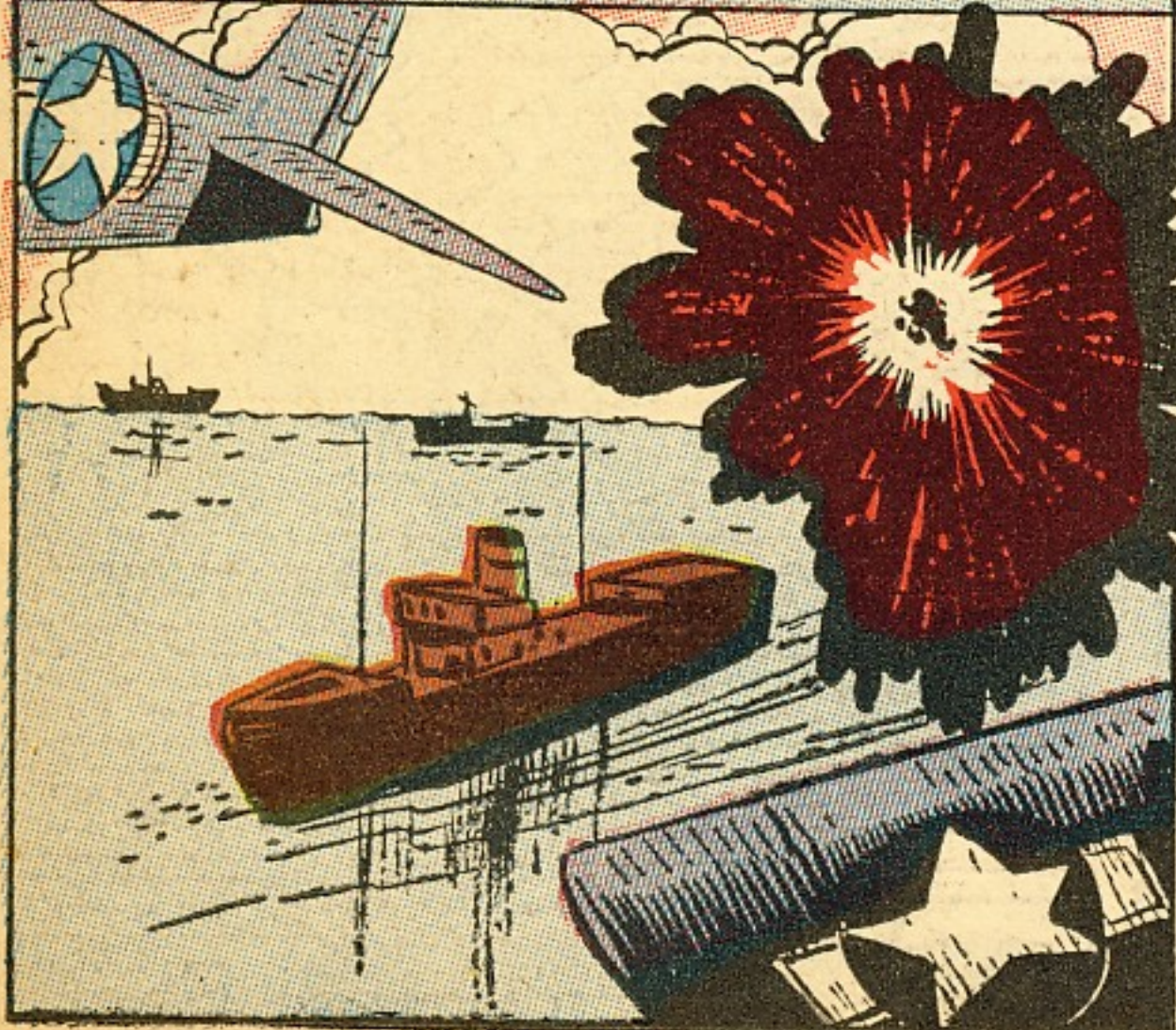
THE FIRST PLANE TAKES OFF ON THE STRIKE



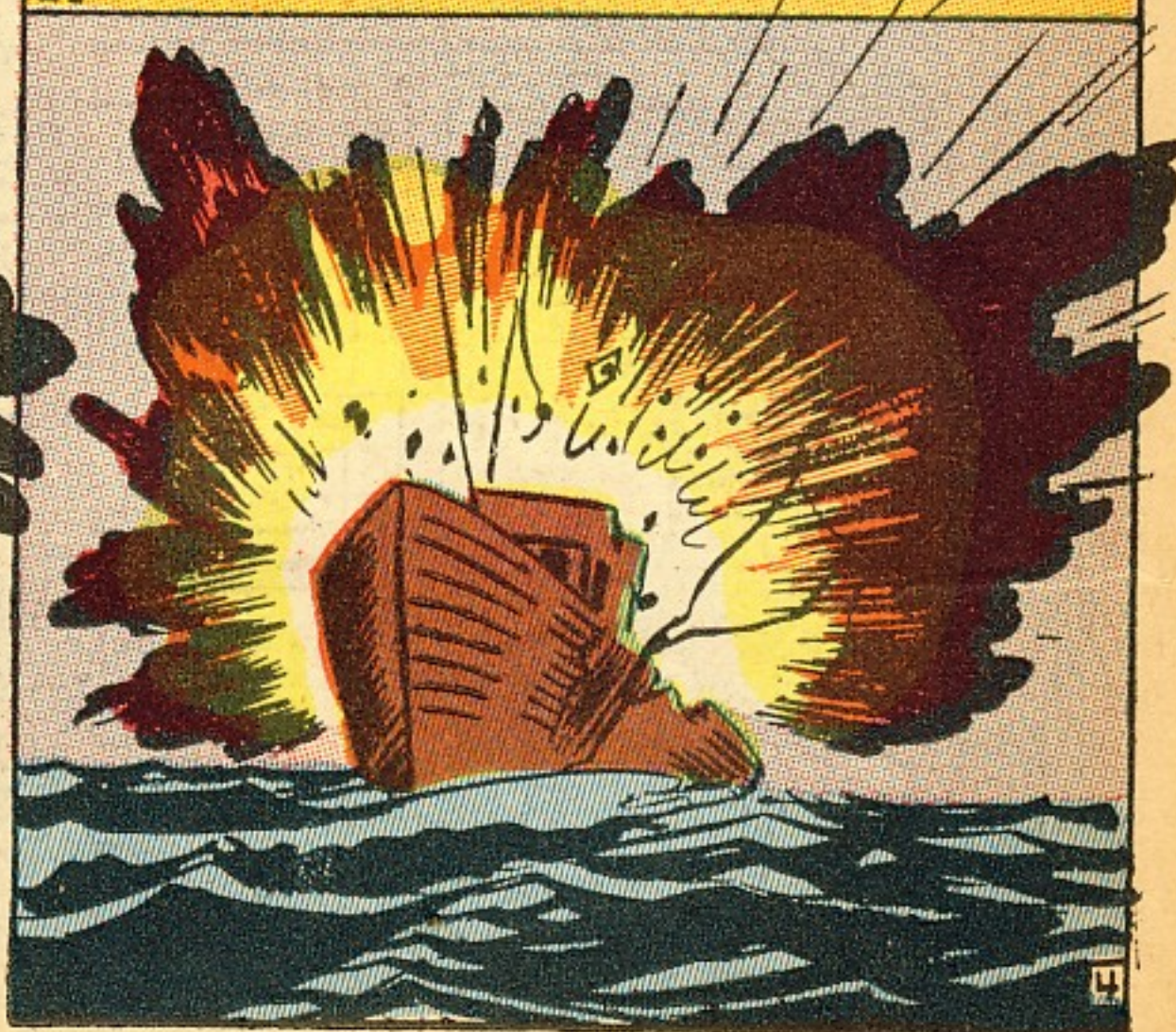
SHORTLY AFTERWARDS--  
THE HELLCATS DRONE  
OVER THE PACIFIC--



AN HOUR LATER--THE CONVOY IS SIGHTED!

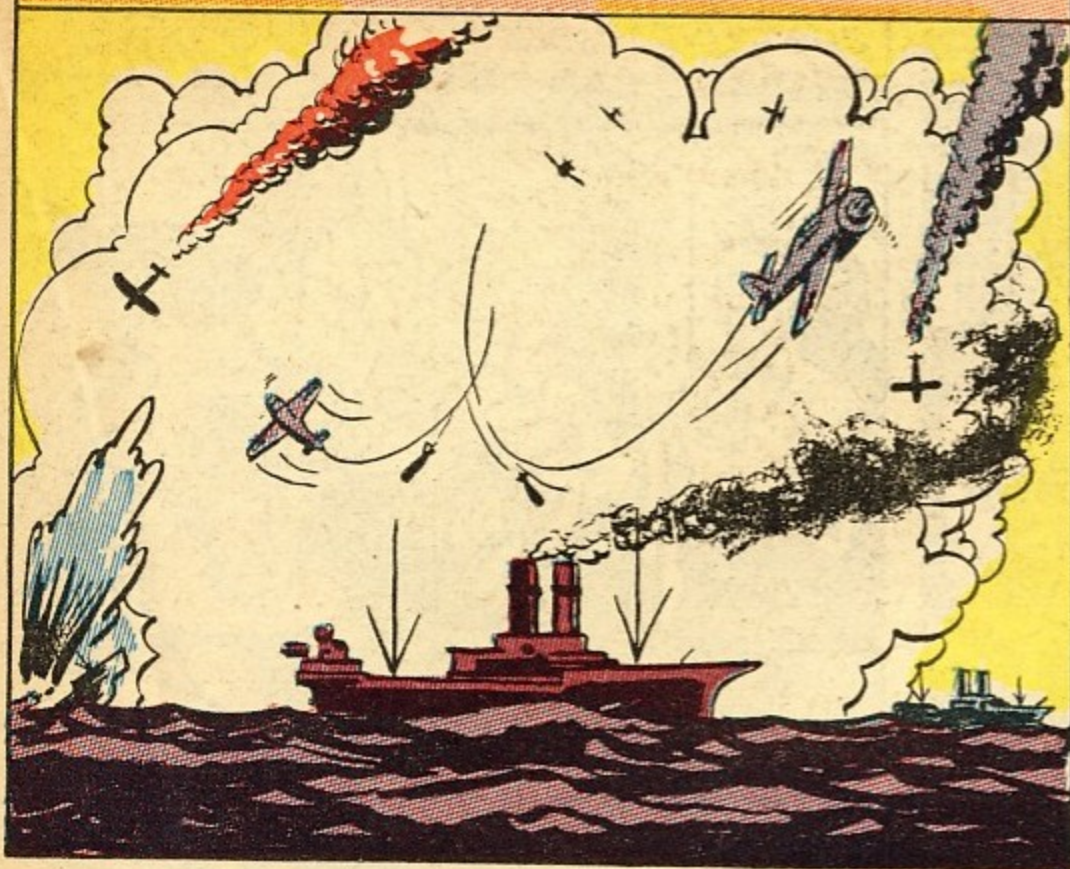


A DIRECT HIT IS SCORED!!

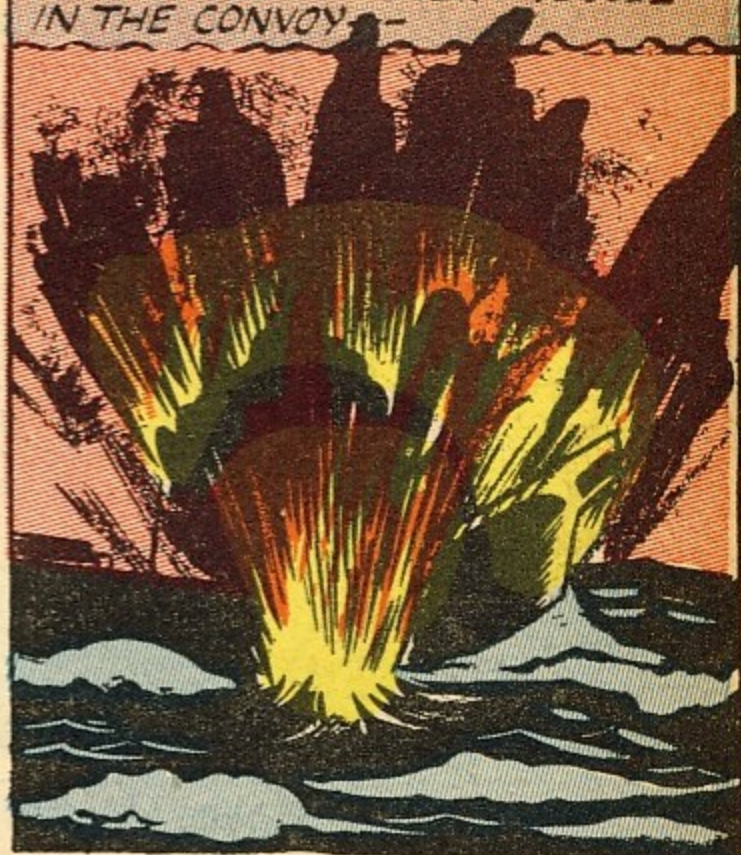




**T**HE SECOND SHIP IS ATTACKED!



WITH DEVASTATING ACCURACY,  
OUR PLANES HIT EVERY VESSEL  
IN THE CONVOY--



IT WAS A CLEAN SWEEP!  
WE CAN GO HOME NOW!



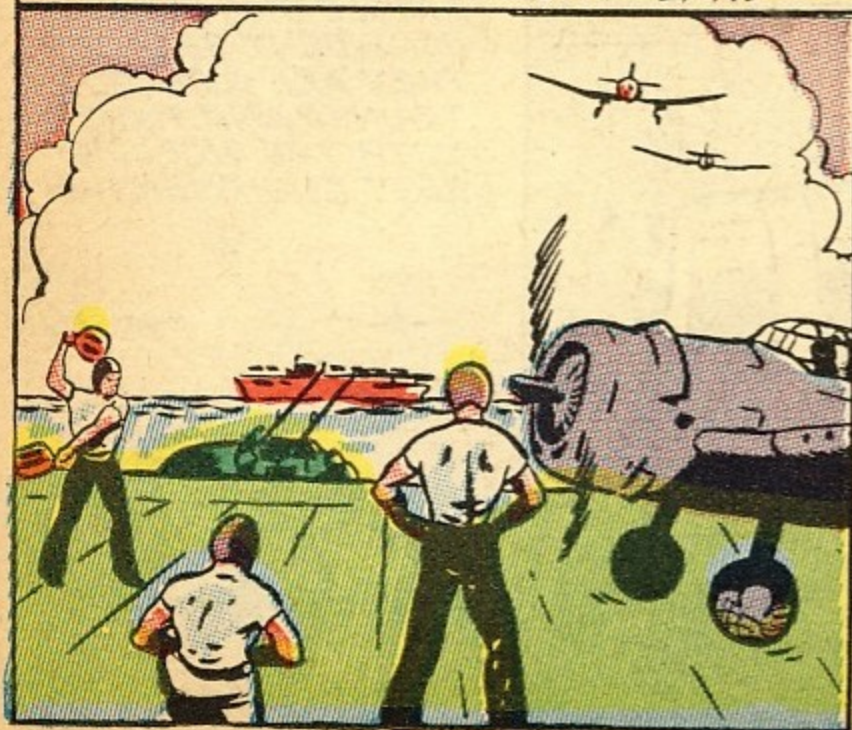
**T**HE SIGNAL OFFICER  
TELLS THE PILOT HE'S  
COMING IN TOO HIGH---



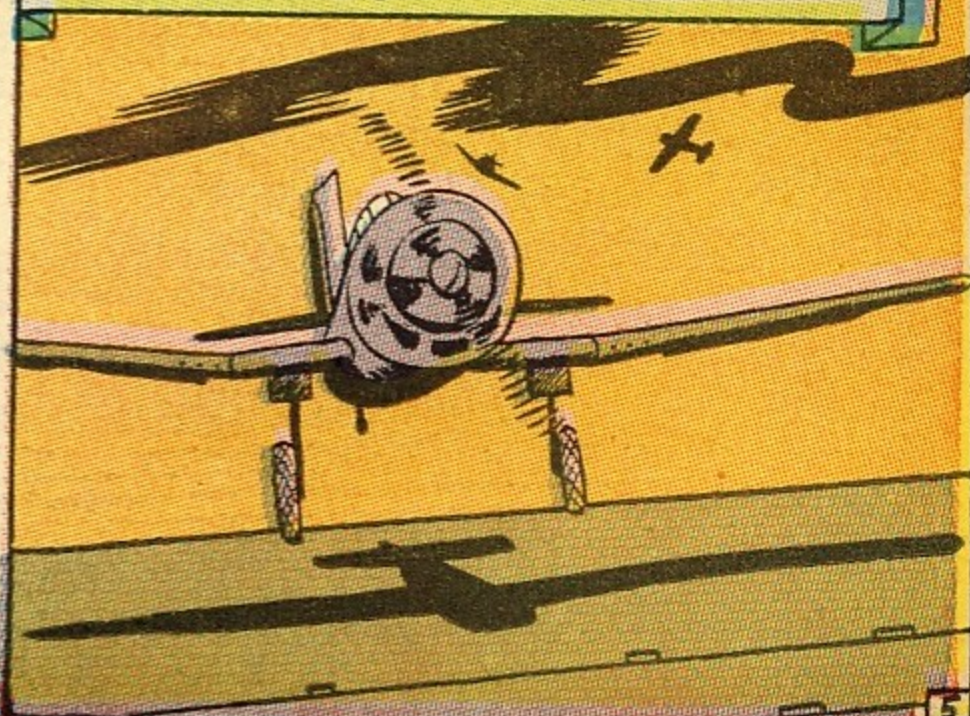
**T**HE NEXT TIME--HIS  
APPROACH IS PERFECT!



**T**HEN--THE HELLCAT IS GIVEN THE  
CUT AS THE CREW WATCH IT LAND--



**O**NE BY ONE, THE HOMING PLANES COME  
ABOARD THE BIG CARRIER--





**F**LUSHED BY SUCCESS--THE NAVAL AIR MEN  
RUSH TO THE READY ROOM---



**H**OT COFFEE HELPS THEM TO RELAX  
FROM THE TENSE ORDEAL THEY HAVE  
JUST UNDERGONE---



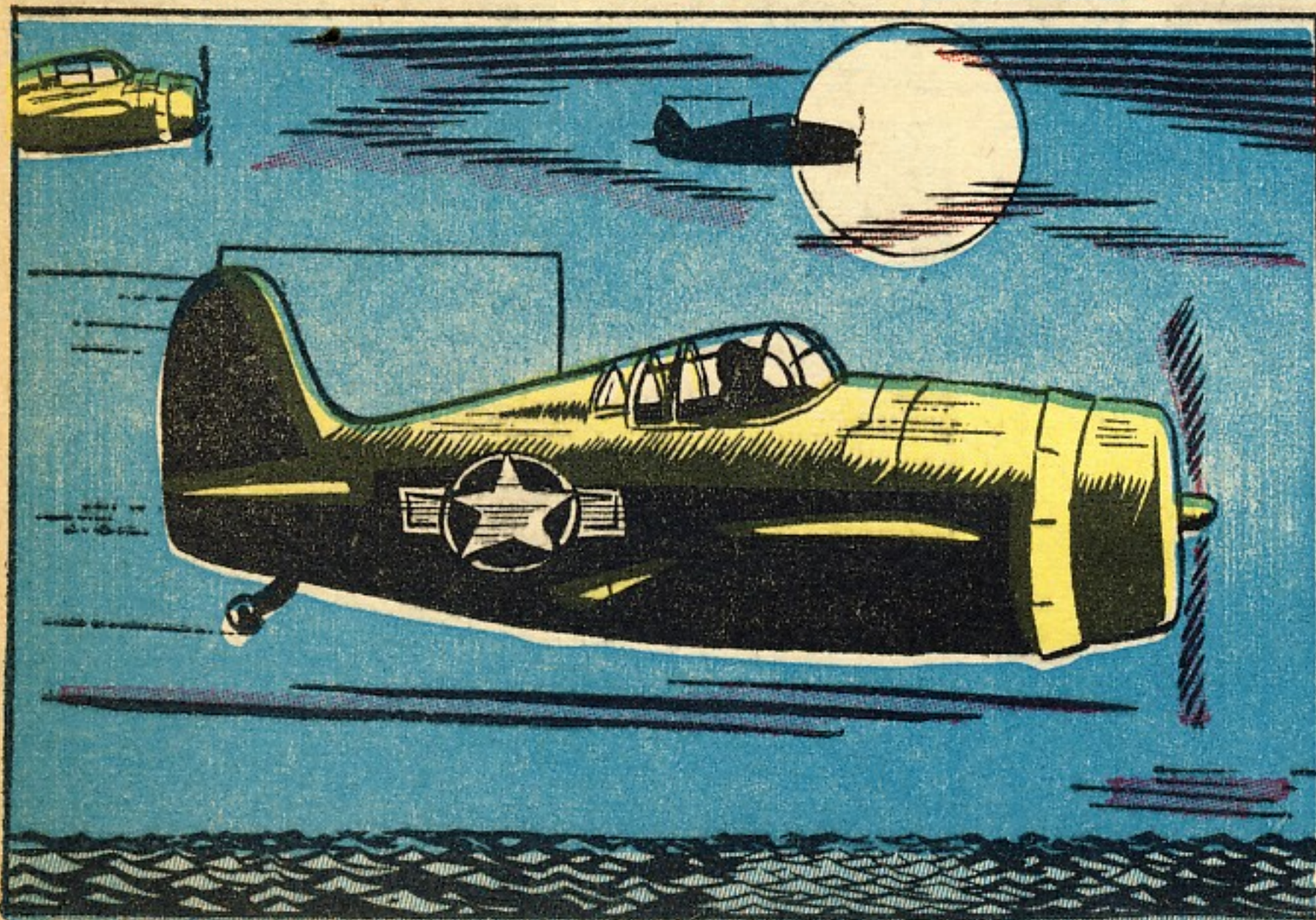
**T**HEN--AN AIR INTELLIGENCE OFFICER  
TAKES OVER---

I'M READY TO RECEIVE  
YOUR REPORT ON  
THE STRIKE!

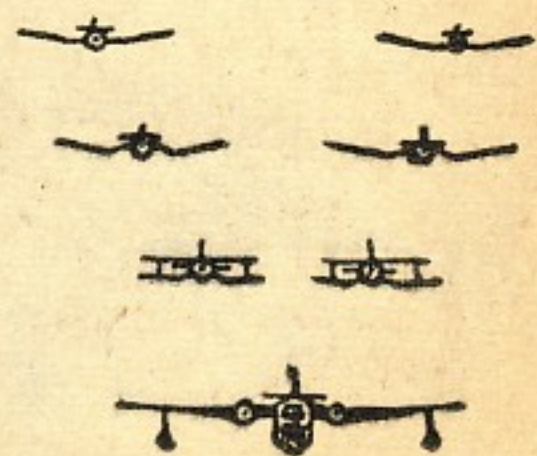
I GUESS WE WERE  
LUCKY SIR! WE RAN  
INTO EIGHT SHIPS--  
AND SANK THEM ALL!



**L**ATER--THE MEN TURN IN--REALIZING THE  
BEST WAY TO RECOVER PHYSICAL AND  
NERVOUS ENERGY IS BY SLEEPING--



**B**UT NIGHT OR DAY--  
SUMMER OR WINTER--  
THE MEN WHO LIVE ON  
OUR AIRCRAFT CARRIERS  
ARE ALWAYS READY TO  
BATTLE THE ENEMY--  
CONFIDENT BECAUSE  
THEY ARE SUPERBLY  
TRAINED AND FIGHT  
WITH THE WORLD'S  
BEST EQUIPMENT---





# HUMAN PICKUP

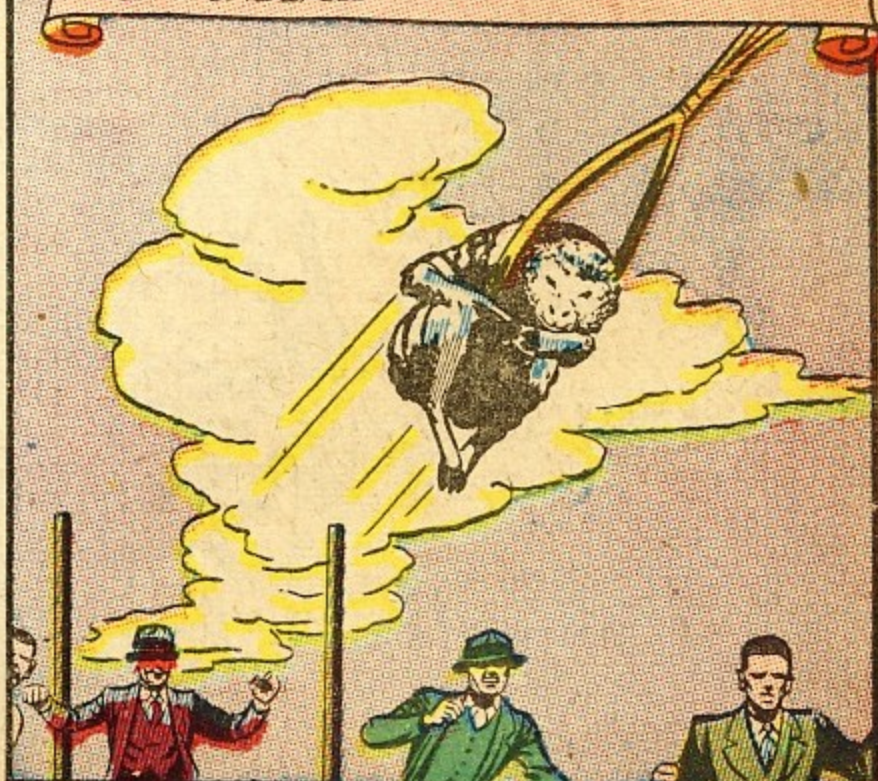


**L**NATCHED FROM THE EARTH BY PLANES TRAVELLING AT THE BREATH-TAKING SPEED OF 130 MILES PER HOUR, HUMAN PICKUPS HAVE NOT ONLY BEEN PROVED POSSIBLE...BUT ALSO PRACTICAL! NOW, THE U.S. ARMY AIR FORCE IS CONDUCTING EXPERIMENTS TO MAKE THIS AMAZING PROCEDURE AVAILABLE FOR FAST CARGO AND FIGHTER PLANES--!

**I**N 1942, ARMY AIR FORCE ENGINEERS DEVISED A SYSTEM FOR THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL AERIAL PICKUP OF A DUMMY...



**T**HEN...PLANES SUCCEED IN PICKING UP SHEEP...









ON SEPT. 5, 1943... DOSTER PREPARES FOR THE FIRST PICKUP!

THINK I'LL BE JOLTED VERY MUCH?

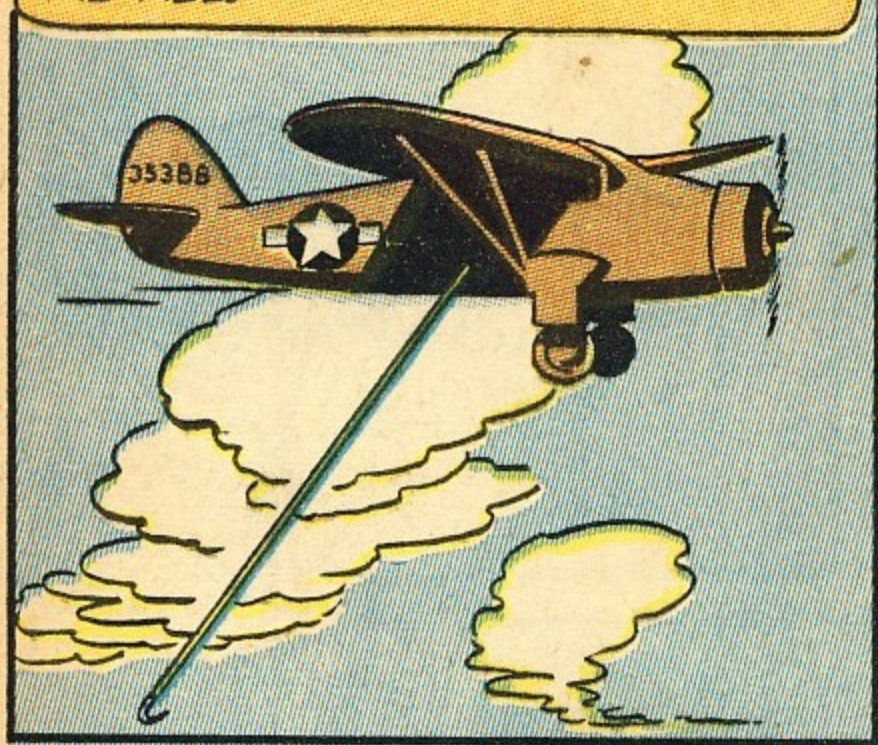
NO MORE THAN IF YOU JUMPED OFF A CHAIR STIFF LEGGED!



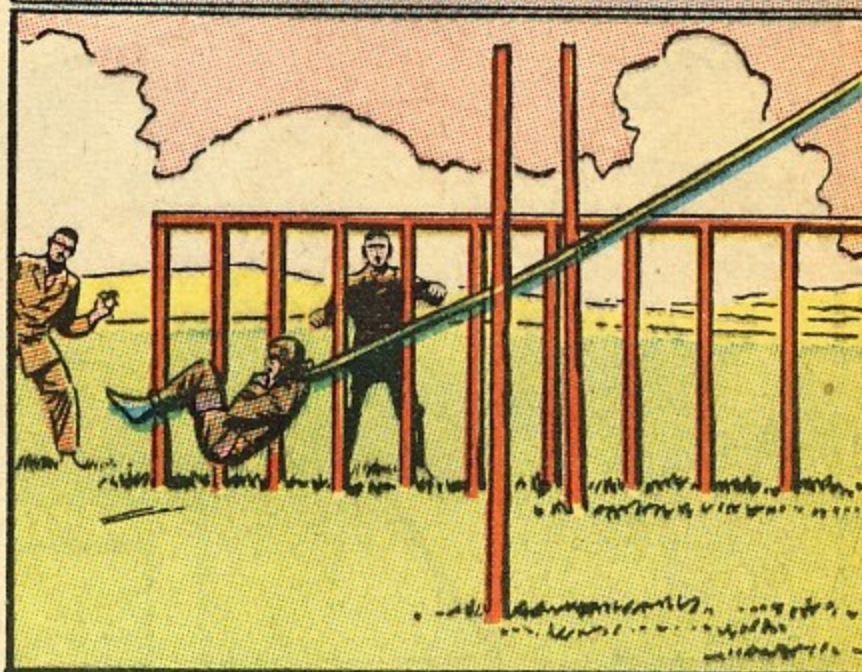
HOLDING HIS KNEES AGAINST HIS CHEST, DOSTER AWAITS THE PLANE....



SPEEDING AT 130 MILES PER HOUR... A STINSON MONOPLANE APPROACHES THE FIELD...



AS THE PLANE HOOK CATCHES THE PICKUP LOOP, SUSPENDED BETWEEN THE POLES... DOSTER IS LIFTED EIGHT INCHES OFF THE GROUND!



DANGLING IN MID-AIR, DOSTER UNSNAPS THE KNEE STRAPS... AS HE IS REELED UP BY THE ELECTRIC MOTOR!



AS THE PLANE CLIMBS, DOSTER GAINS ALTITUDE LIKE A GLIDER...



DOSTER CLIMBS ABOARD THE PLANE 2 3/4 MINUTES AFTER THE TAKE-OFF!



**AFTER THE EXPERIMENT--**

LIEUTENANT, CAN YOU DESCRIBE THE SENSATION AS THE PLANE PICKED YOU UP?

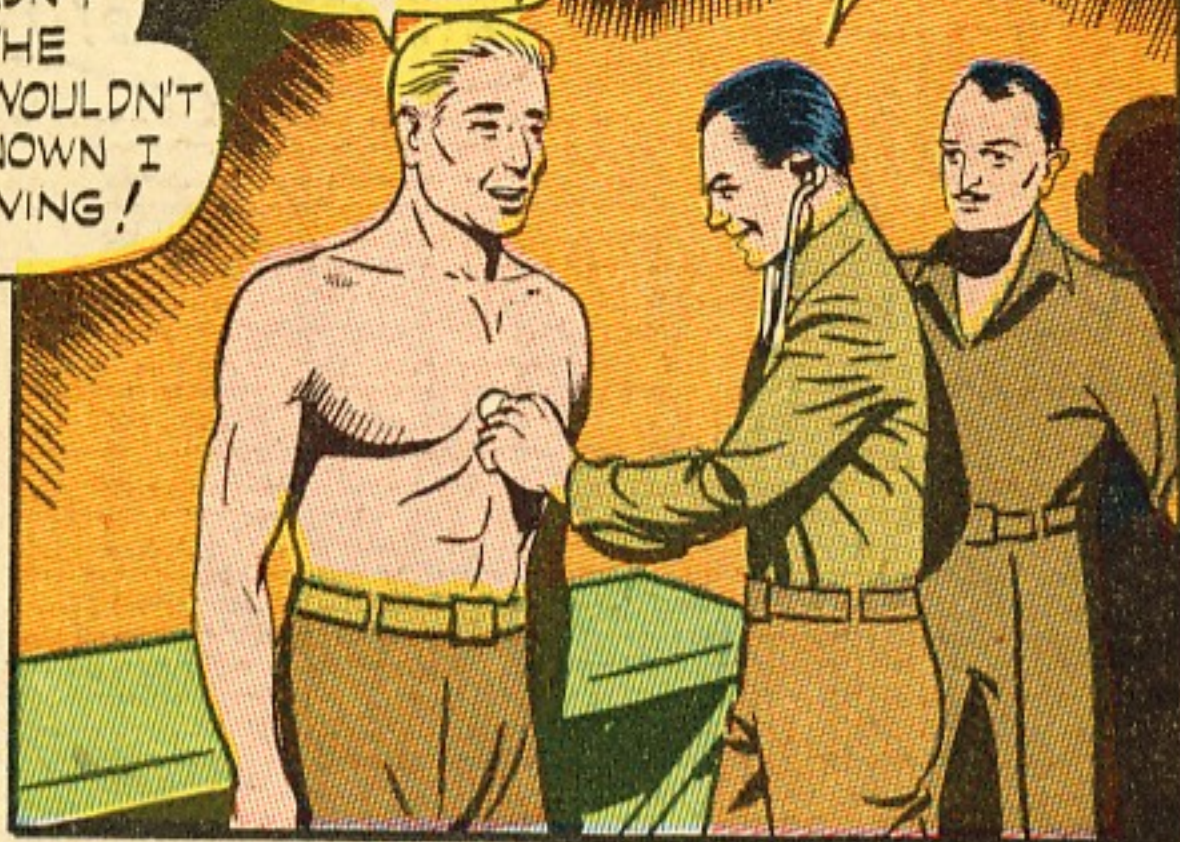
WELL, THE ONLY SENSATION IS A WHIR OF AIR AROUND YOU AND THEN THE GROUND DISAPPEARS UNDERNEATH... IF I HADN'T HEARD THE WIND, I WOULDN'T HAVE KNOWN I WAS MOVING!



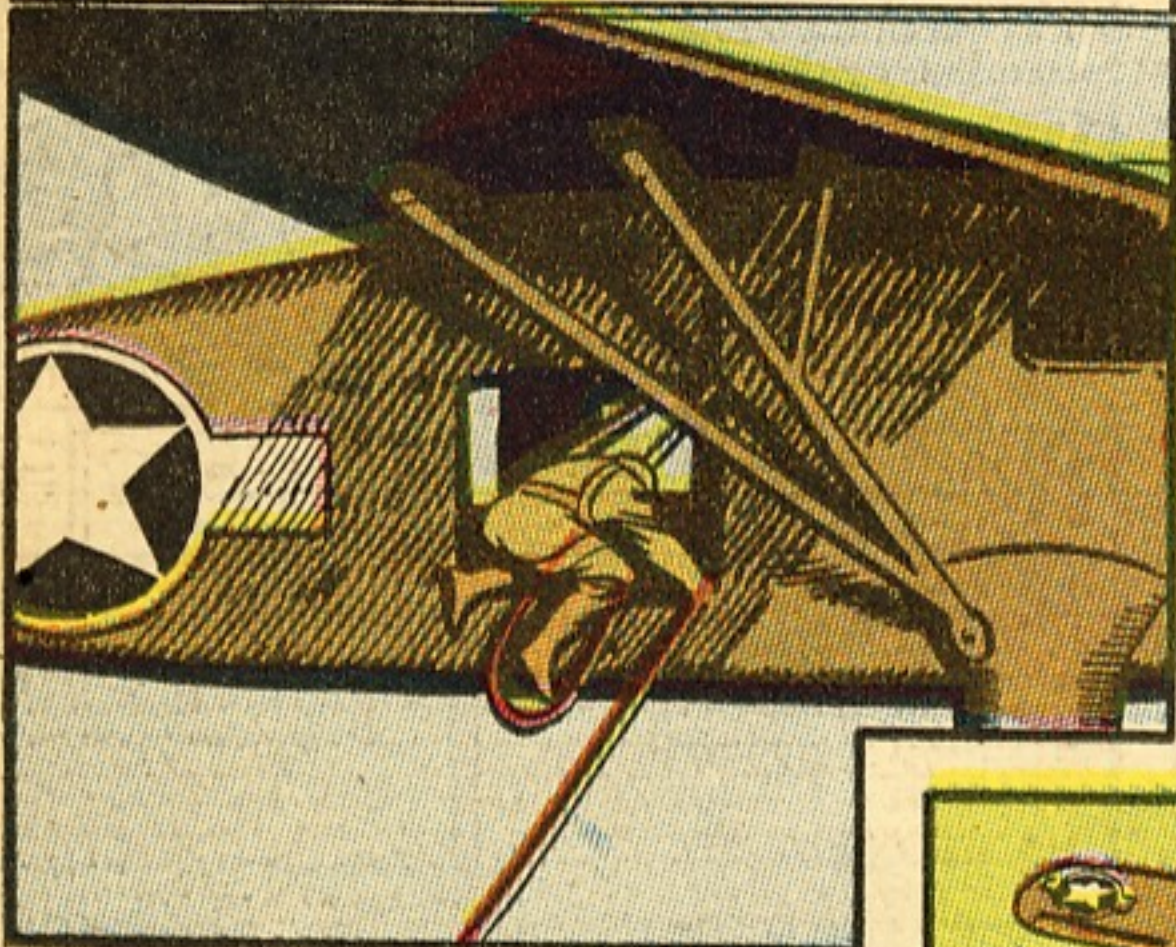
**THE NEXT DAY--**

HOW'D I COME THROUGH, DOCTOR?

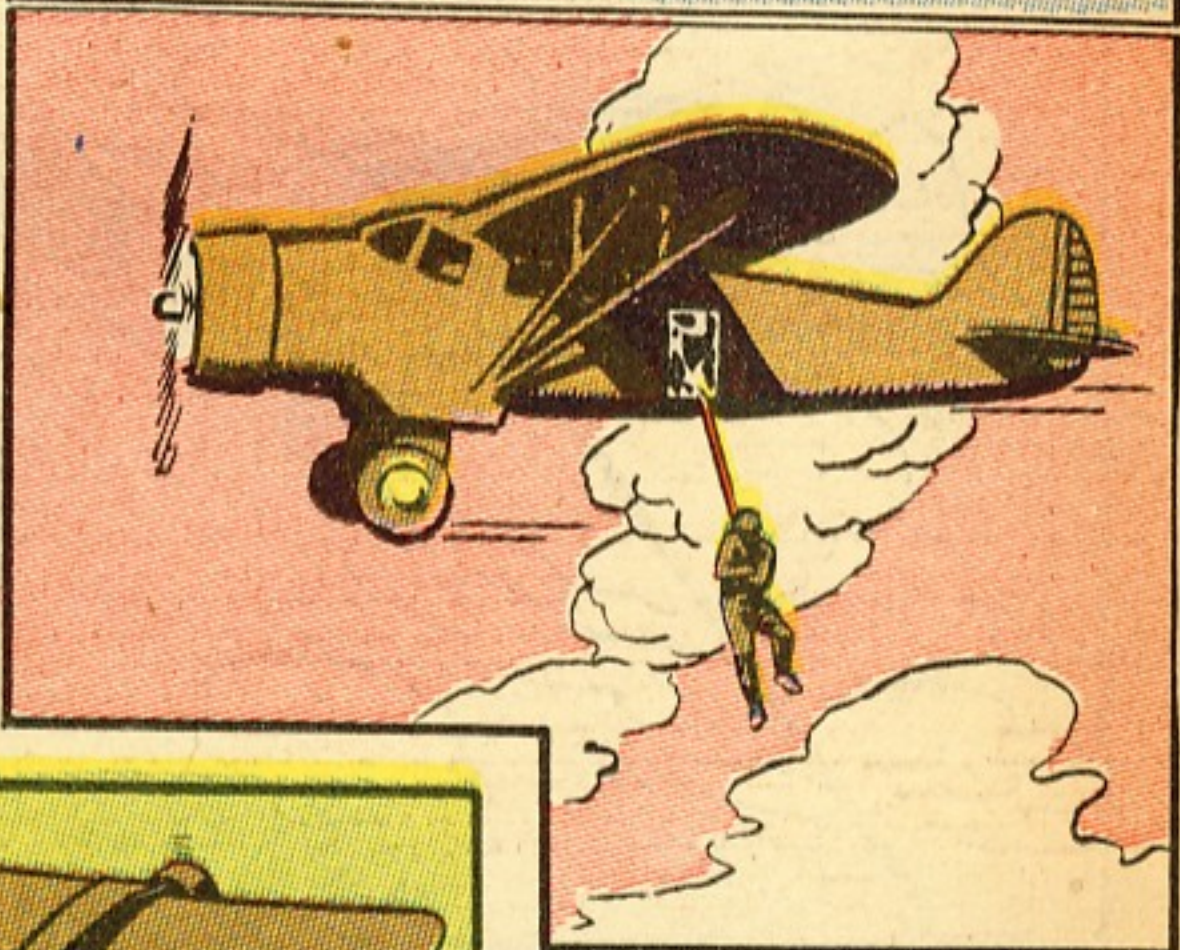
SPLENDIDLY.... NO ILL EFFECTS AT ALL!



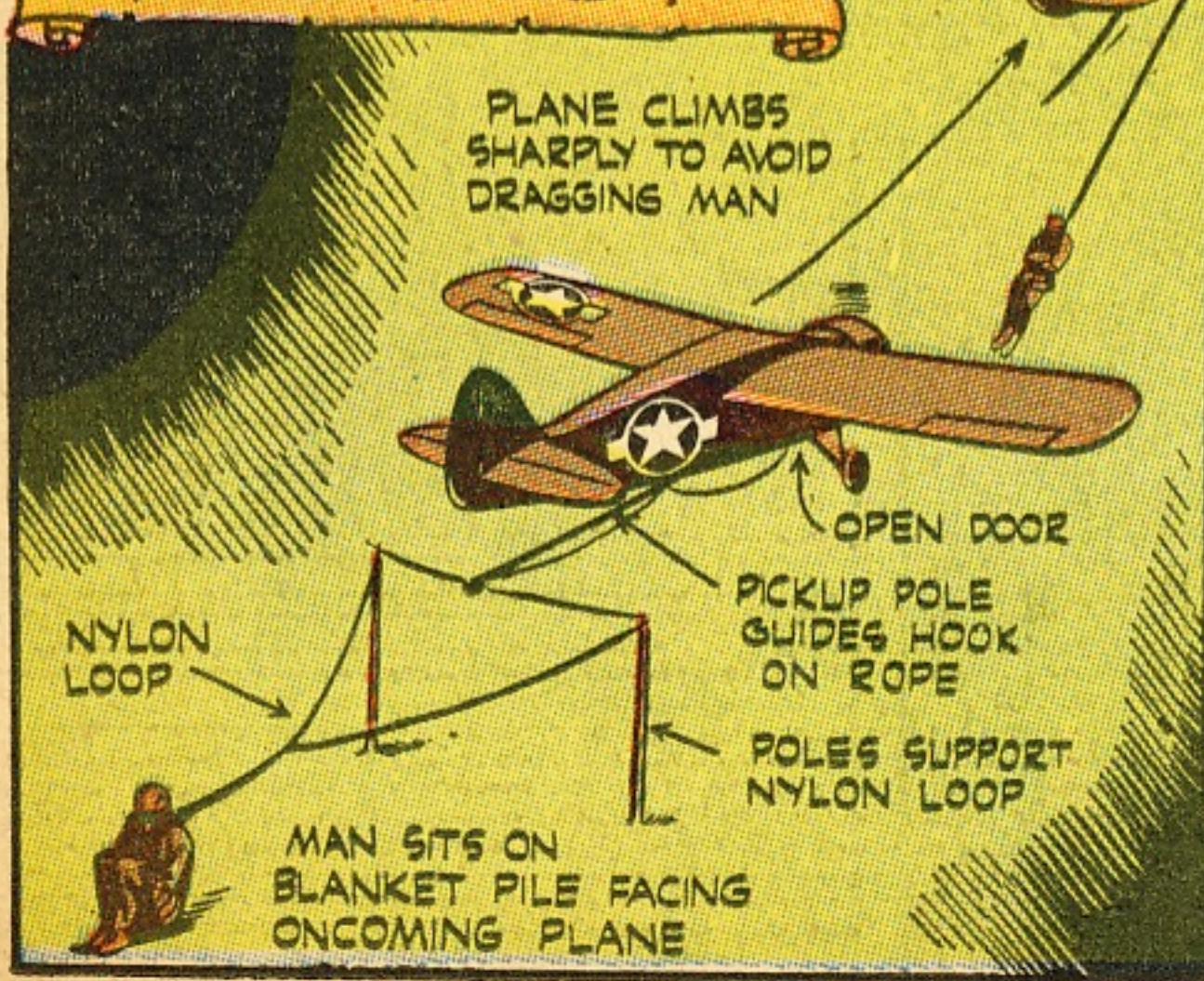
**SHORTLY AFTERWARDS--- SGT. HARRY C. CONWAY ACTS AS THE SECOND GUINEA PIG IN AN AERIAL PICKUP!**



**SINCE THEN, TWO OTHER MEN HAVE ALSO BEEN PICKED OFF THE GROUND BY LIGHT PLANES!**



**THIS DIAGRAM SHOWS STEP BY STEP, AN AERIAL PICKUP!**

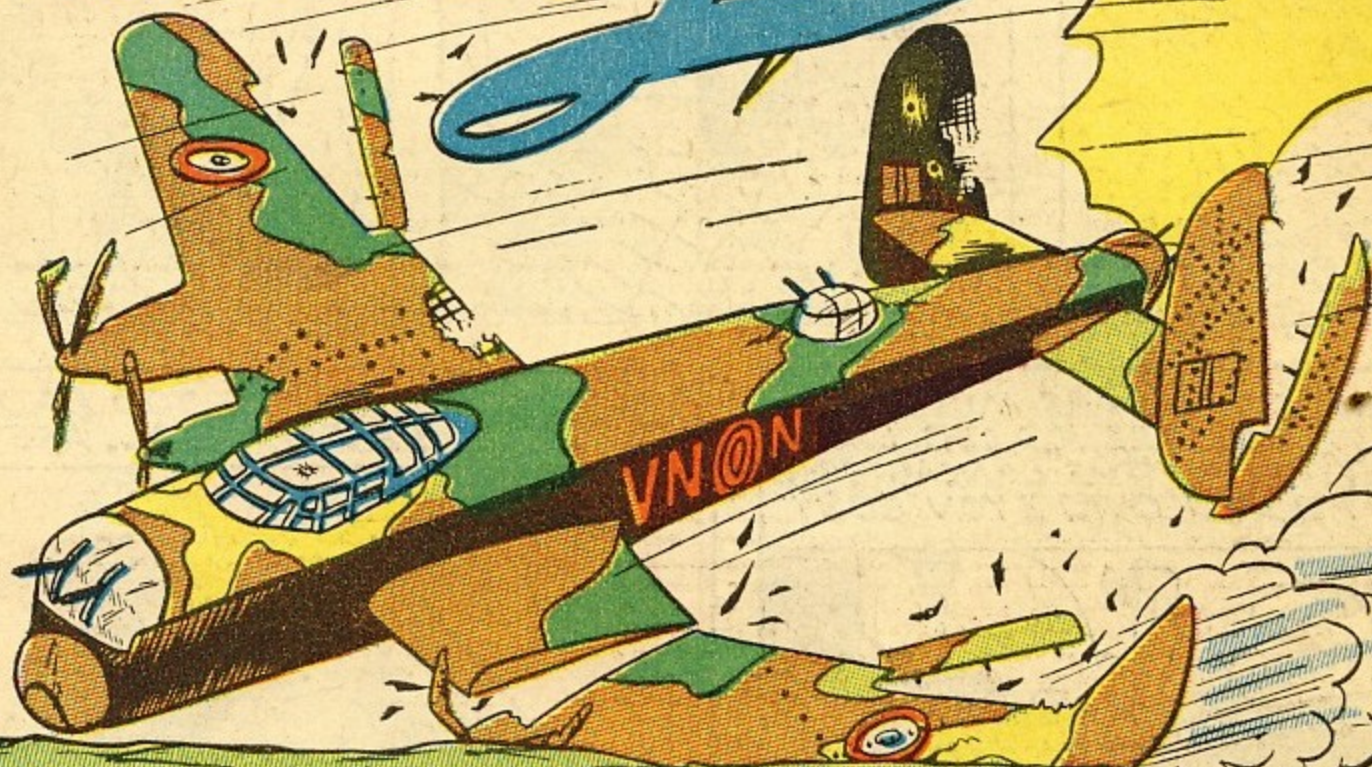


**EXPERTS PREDICT THAT SOON RESCUE KITS, CONTAINING PICKUP LOOP, POLES AND HARNESS, CAN BE DROPPED TO STRANDED MEN ANYWHERE... MAKING HUMAN PICKUPS SAFELY AND SWIFTLY FROM SPEEDY FIGHTER AND CARGO PLANES--!**



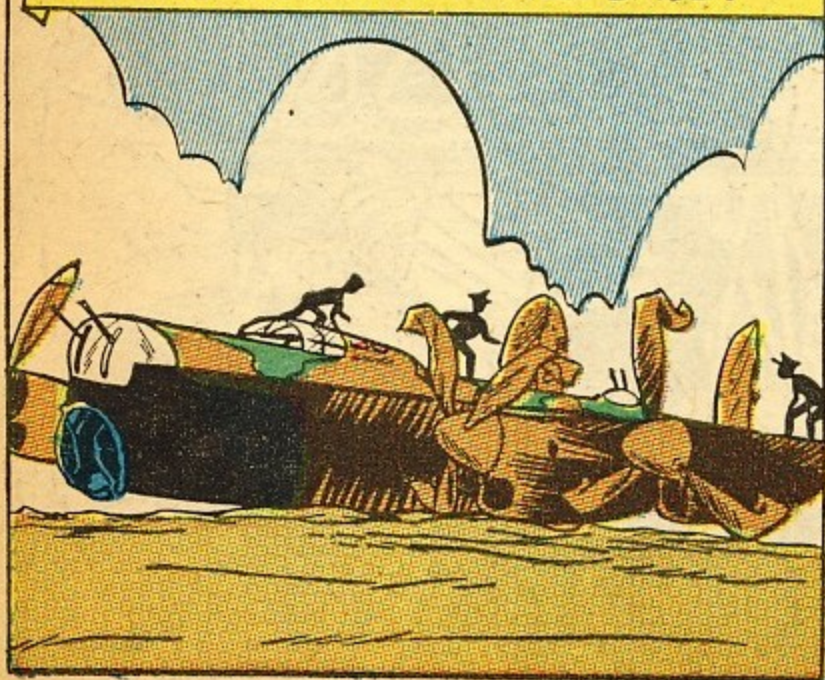


# RAF 'Lamb'



GIVEN UP AS A TOTAL LOSS BY ITS CREW, MANY A PLANE HAS BEEN TAKEN IN HAND BY EXPERT RAF REPAIR AND MAINTENANCE SERVICE UNITS... AND AS A RESULT OF SURGICAL OPERATIONS IN EFFICIENT PLANE HOSPITALS--- THESE BIG BOMBERS LIVE TO FIGHT AGAIN... WREAKING HAVOC ON VITAL ENEMY INSTALLATIONS!

AFTER PLASTERING AN ENEMY TARGET... A HUGE 4 ENGINE LANCASTER CRASH LANDS IN A FIELD-- A SHORT DISTANCE FROM ITS HOME BASE!



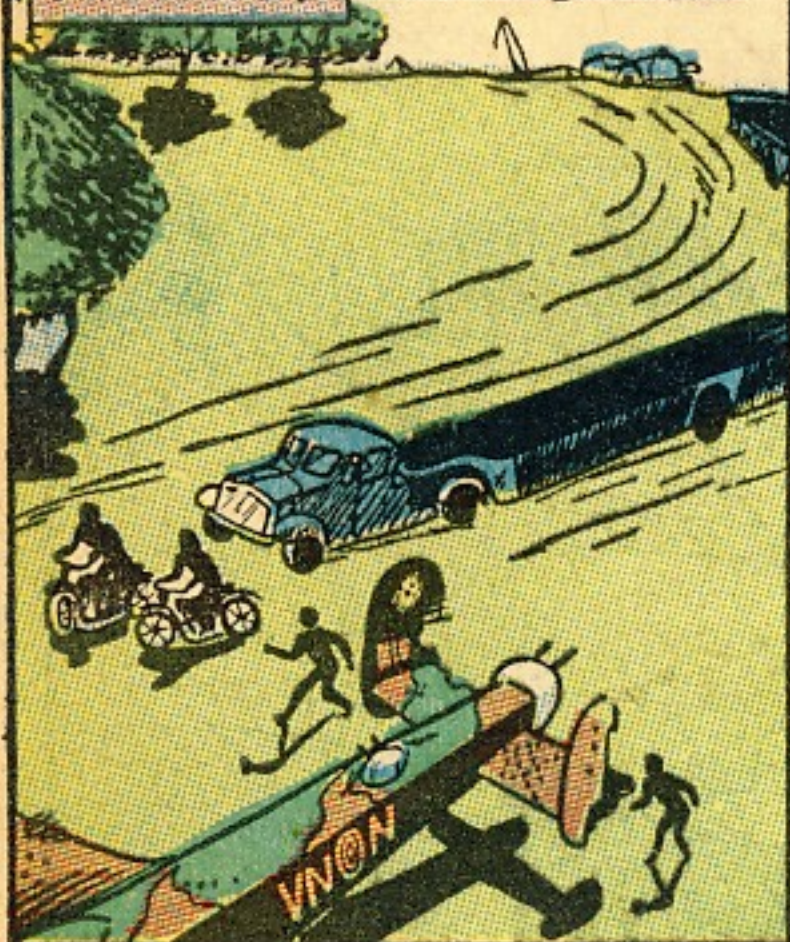
IS EVERYONE OKAY?

WE'RE ALL RIGHT... BUT LOOK AT THE PLANE! I GUESS SHE'S A DEAD SHIP!

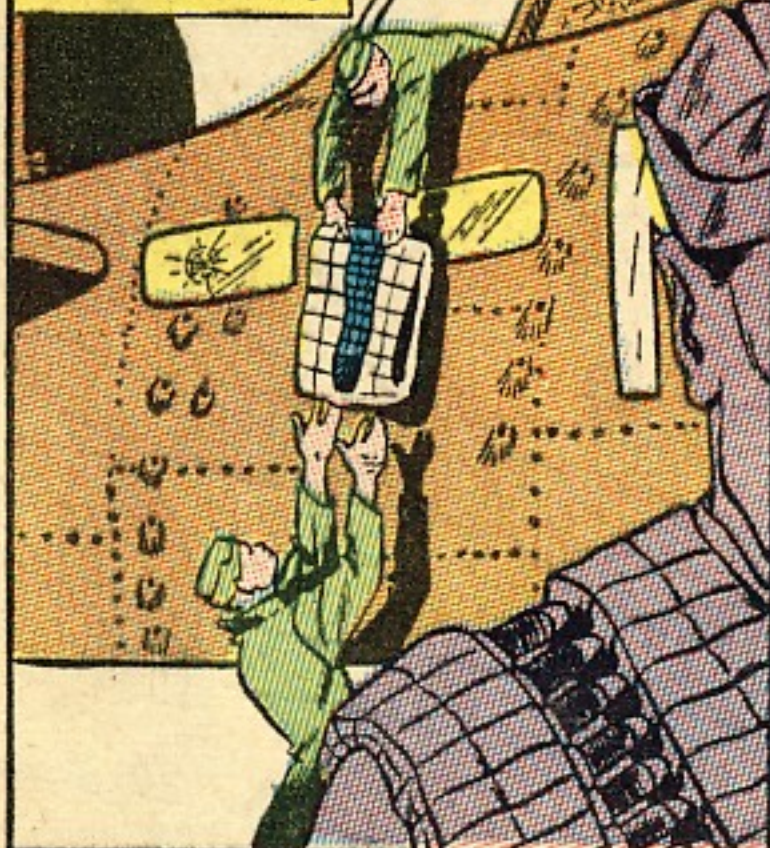




SHORTLY AFTERWARDS... THE SALVAGE SQUADRON ARRIVES!



UNDER DIRECTION OF THE WARRANT OFFICER... ARM-ORERS ARE FIRST TO ENTER THE PLANE-REMOVING AM-MUNITION!

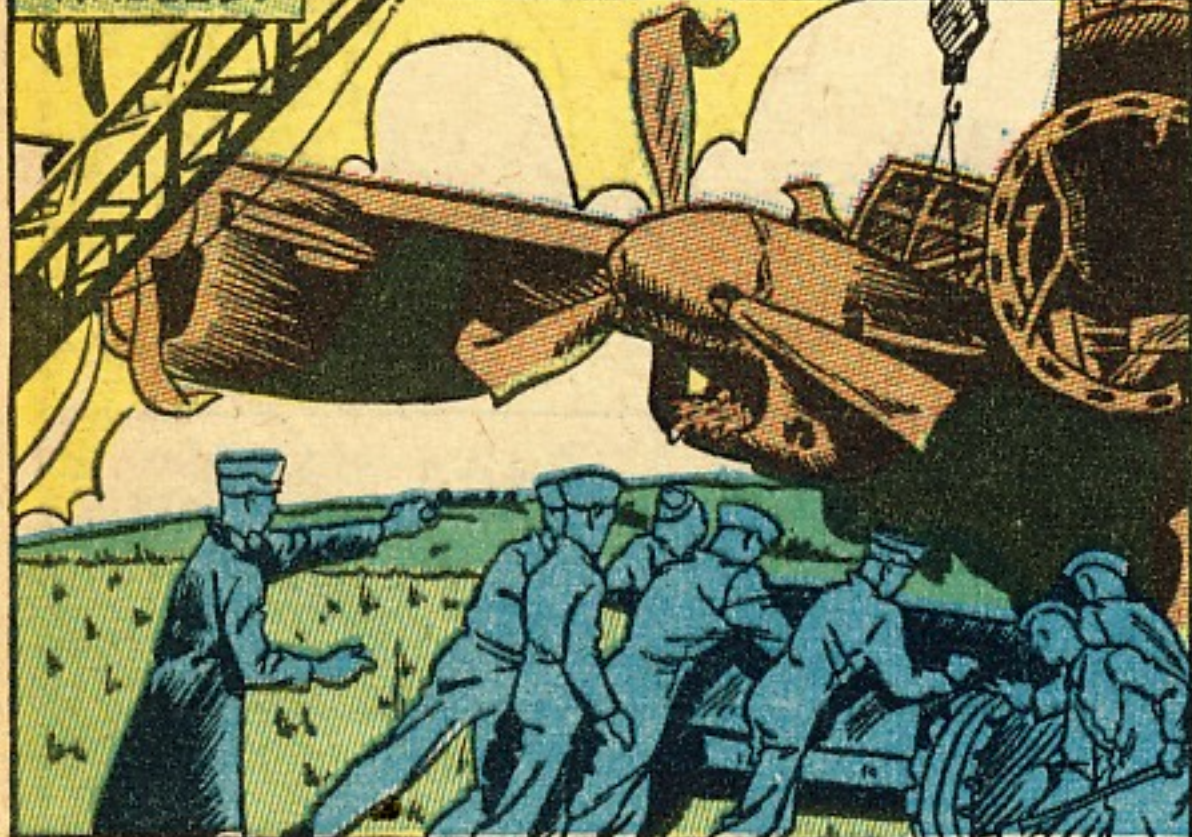


SHE'S PRETTY MUCH OF A MESS... ISN'T SHE?

RIGHTO... BUT DON'T WORRY, MEN. YOU'LL BE FLY-ING THAT SHIP AGAIN IN A FEW WEEKS!



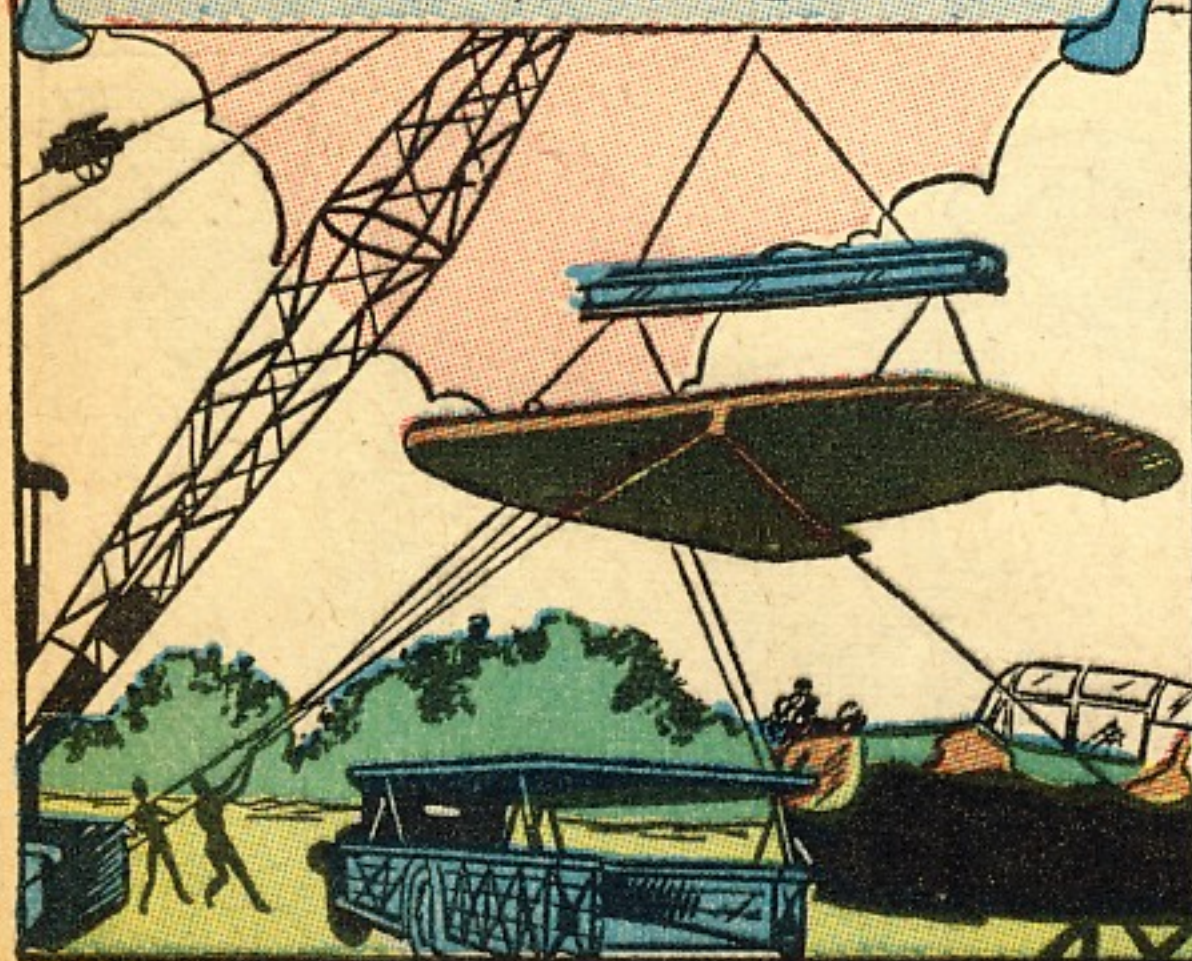
TWO MOBILE CRANES ARE MOVED INTO POSITION, SLINGS ARE PLACED UNDER THE MID-SECTION OF THE LANCASTER... AND SHE IS HOISTED ONTO 2 TON BOGY WHEELS.



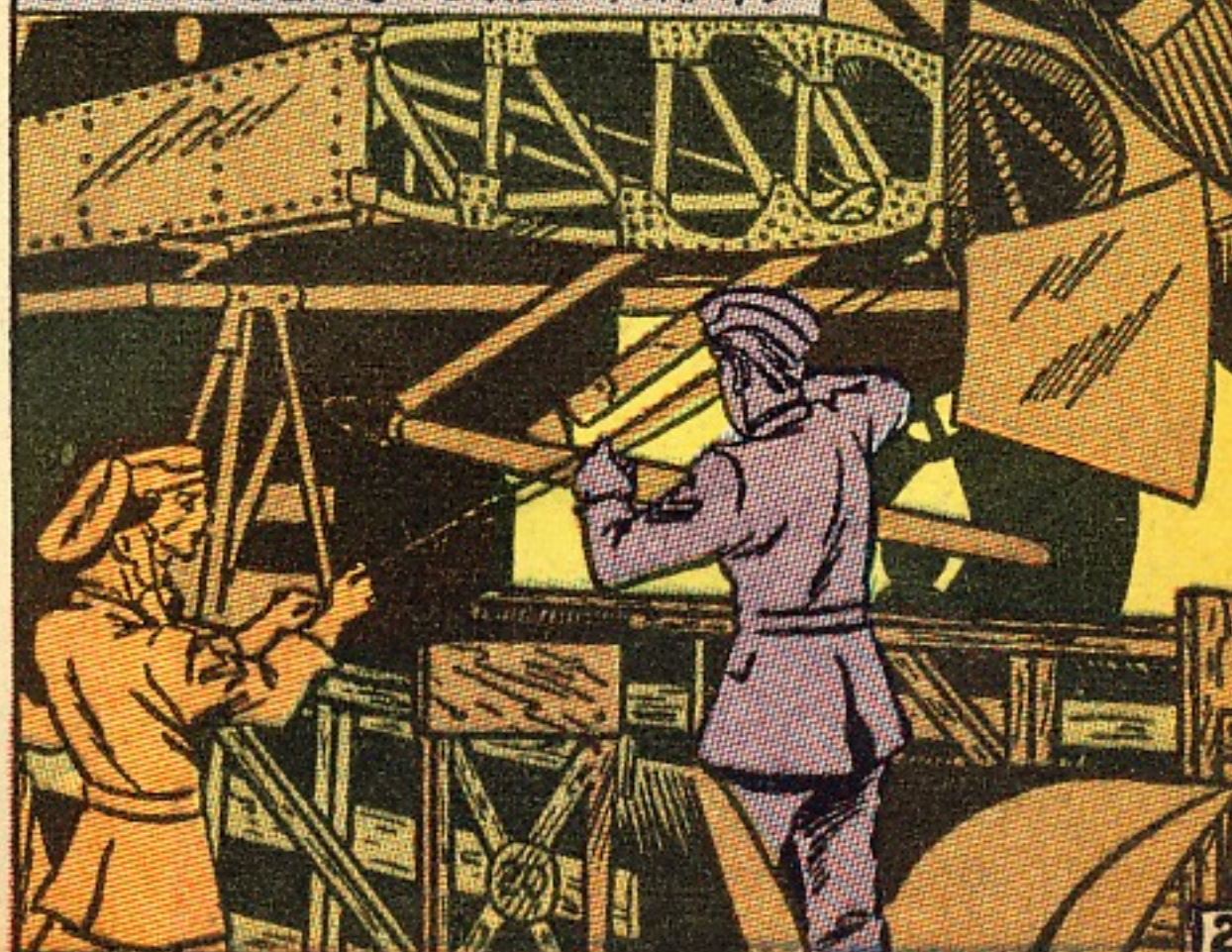
FIRST... THE PARTS TOO BADLY DAM-AGED TO BE REPAIRED... ARE REMOVED.



NEXT... THE TAIL, WING AND NOSE SEC-TIONS ARE HOISTED BY TRACTOR PULLED TROLLEYS INTO LORRIES!

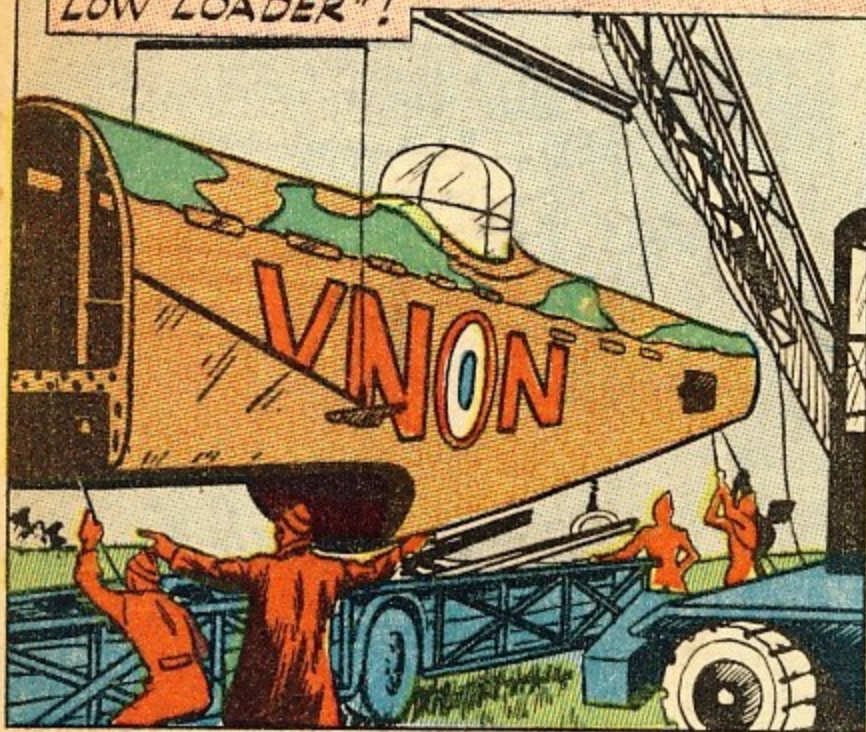


THE TWISTED PROPS AND WING SECTIONS ARE MADE FAST BY A SALVAGE SQUAD... BEFORE BEING TOWED AWAY!

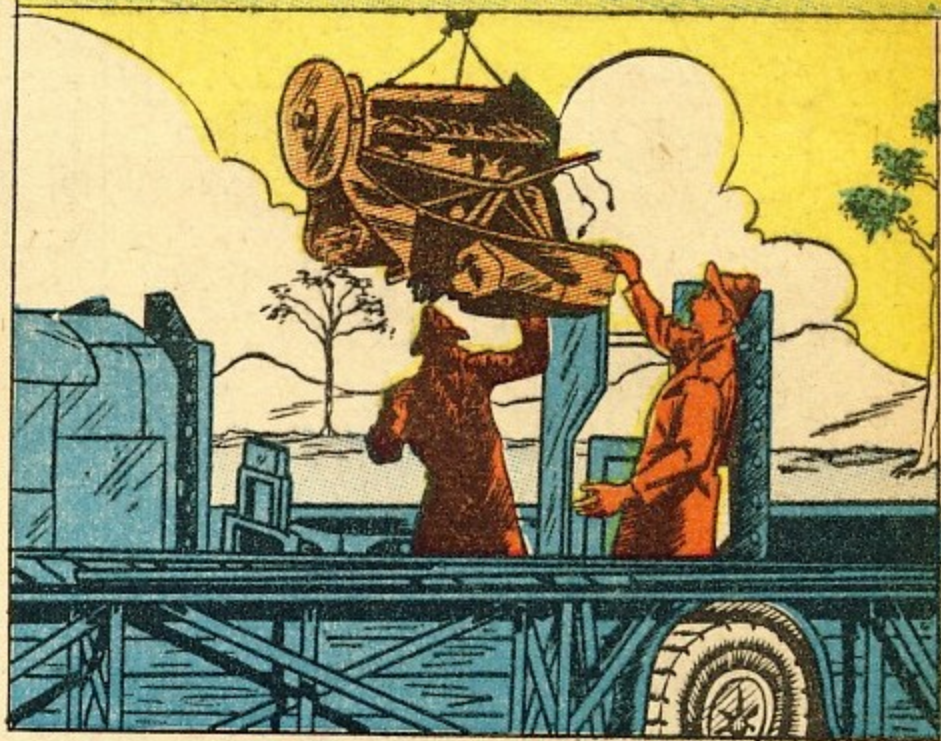




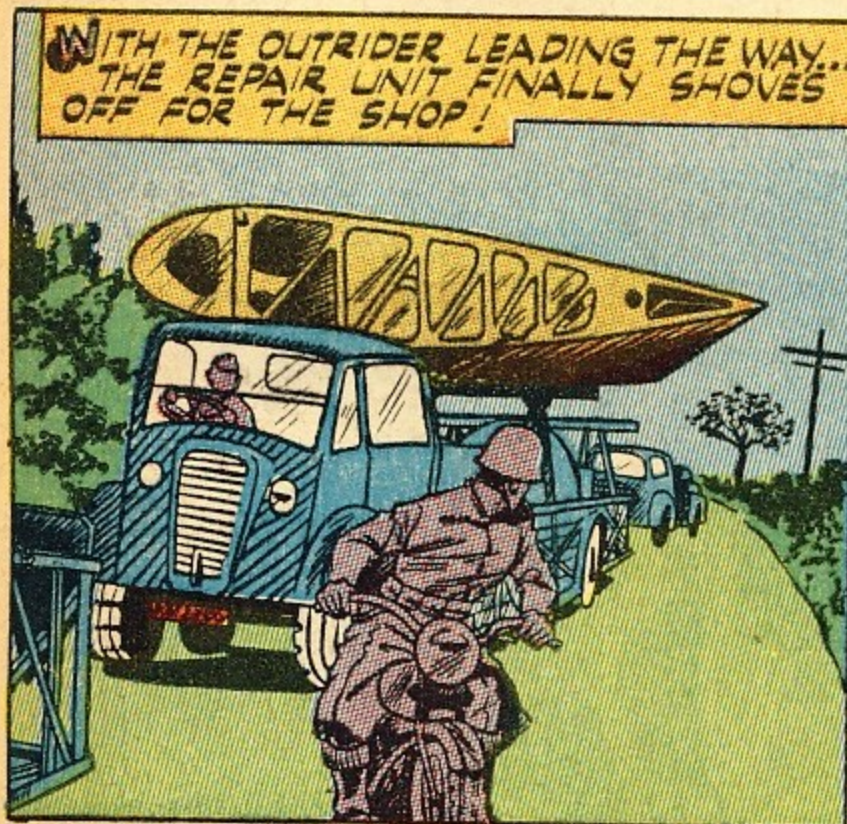
**T**HE FUSELAGE... STRIPPED OF ITS WINGS AND TAIL... IS LIFTED ABOARD A "LOW LOADER"!



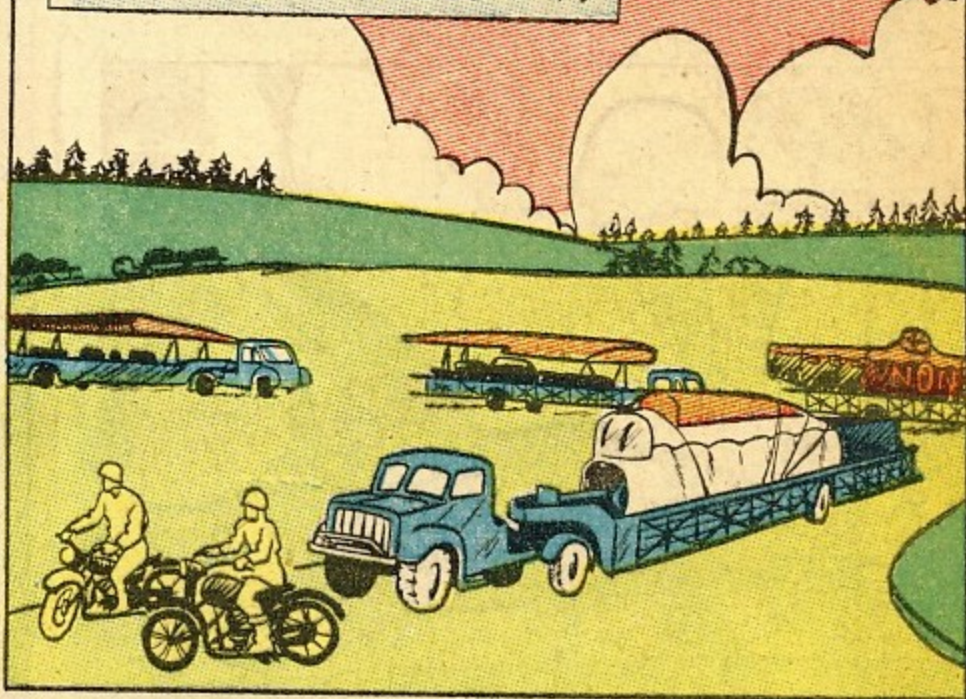
**T**HEN... THE WRECKED ENGINE IS PLACED ABOARD ANOTHER "LOW LOADER"!



**W**ITH THE OUTRIDER LEADING THE WAY... THE REPAIR UNIT FINALLY SHOVS OFF FOR THE SHOP!



**E**NROUTE... THE MANY SECTIONS OF THE "LANK" PROVIDES A LONG AND IMPRESSIVE PROCESSION!



**A**T THE PLANE HOSPITAL... AN INVENTORY OF THE DAMAGE IS MADE... AND WORK IS STARTED TO REPLACE THE BATTLE WRECKED PARTS OF THE PLANE!



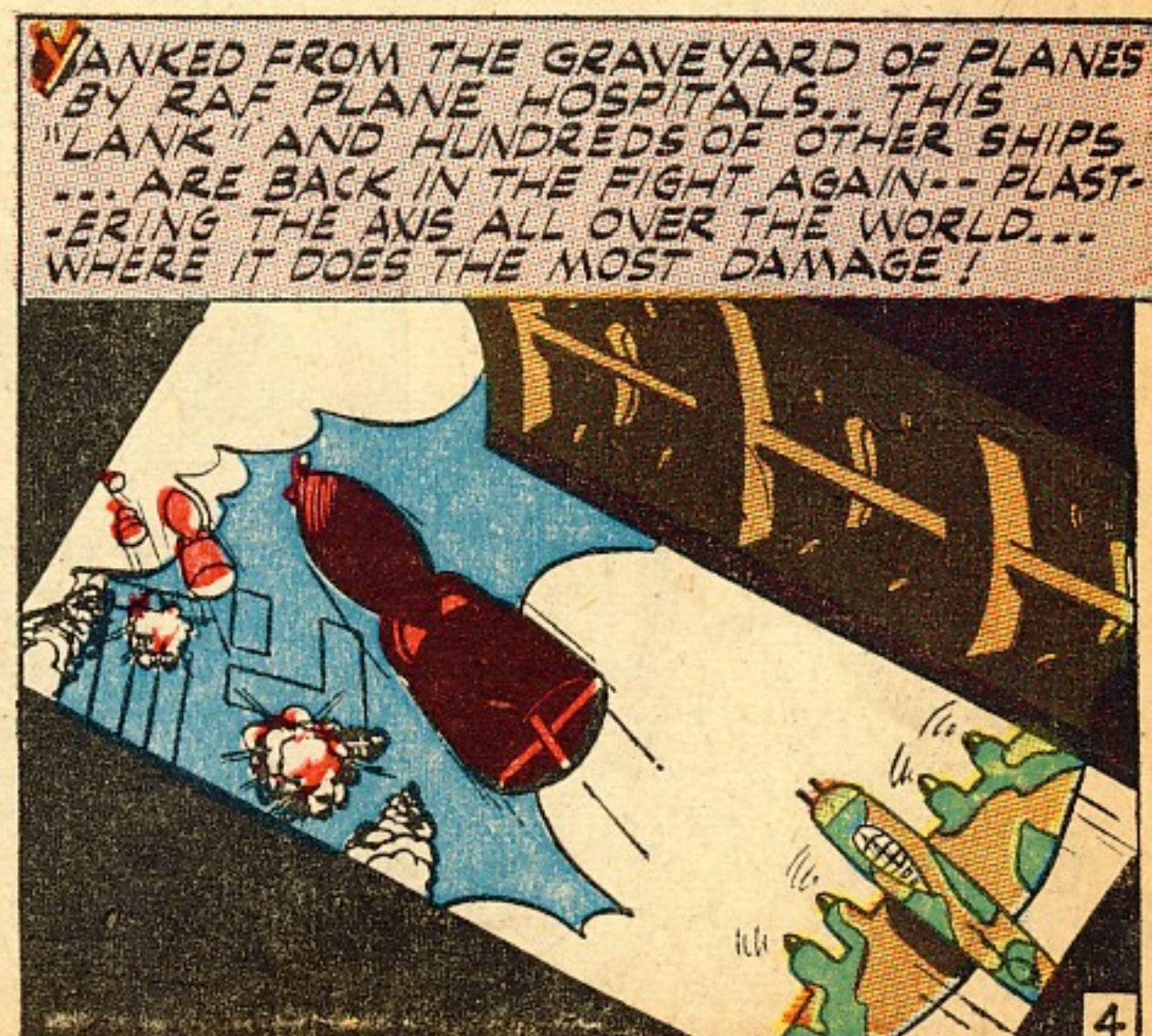
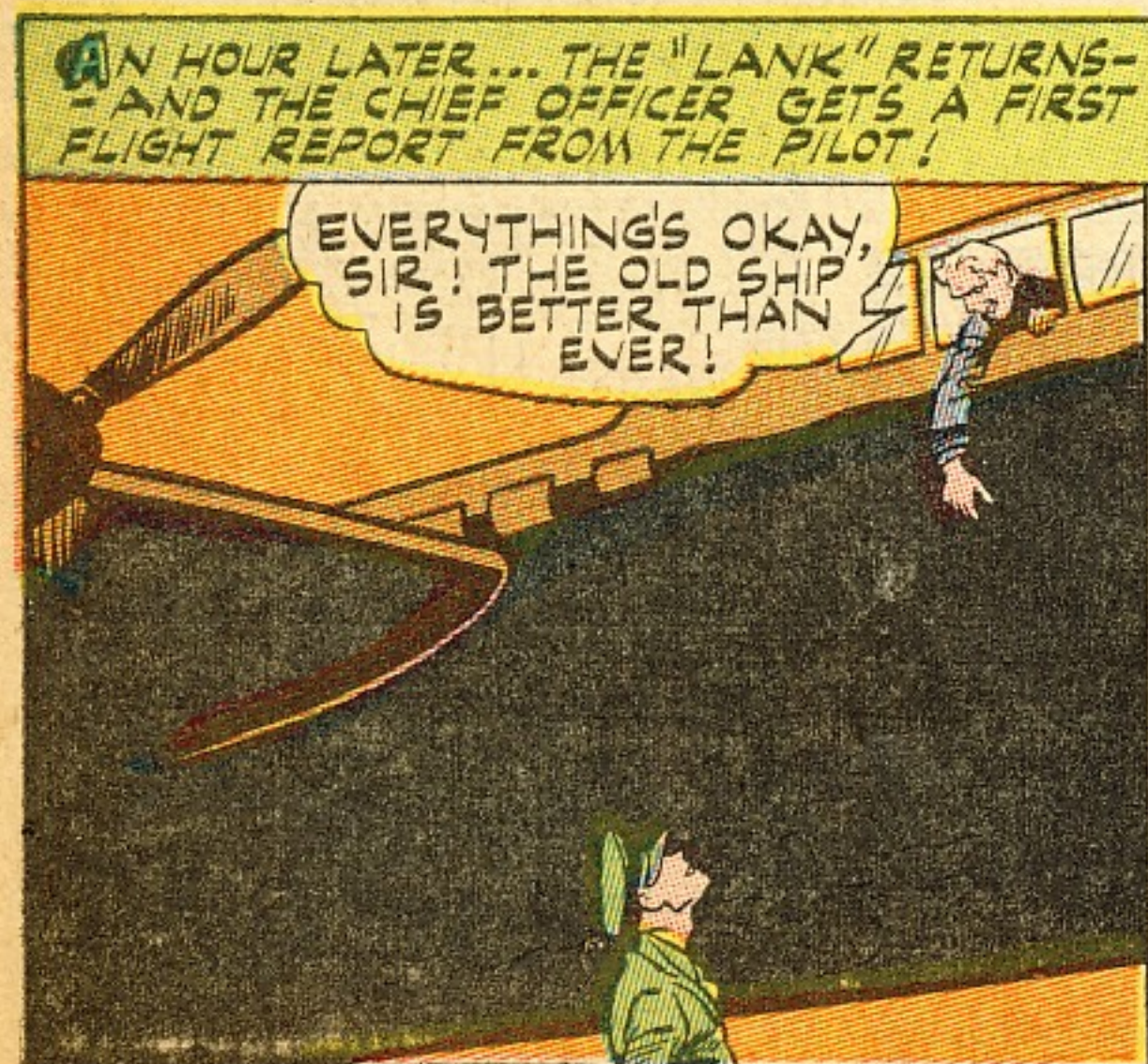
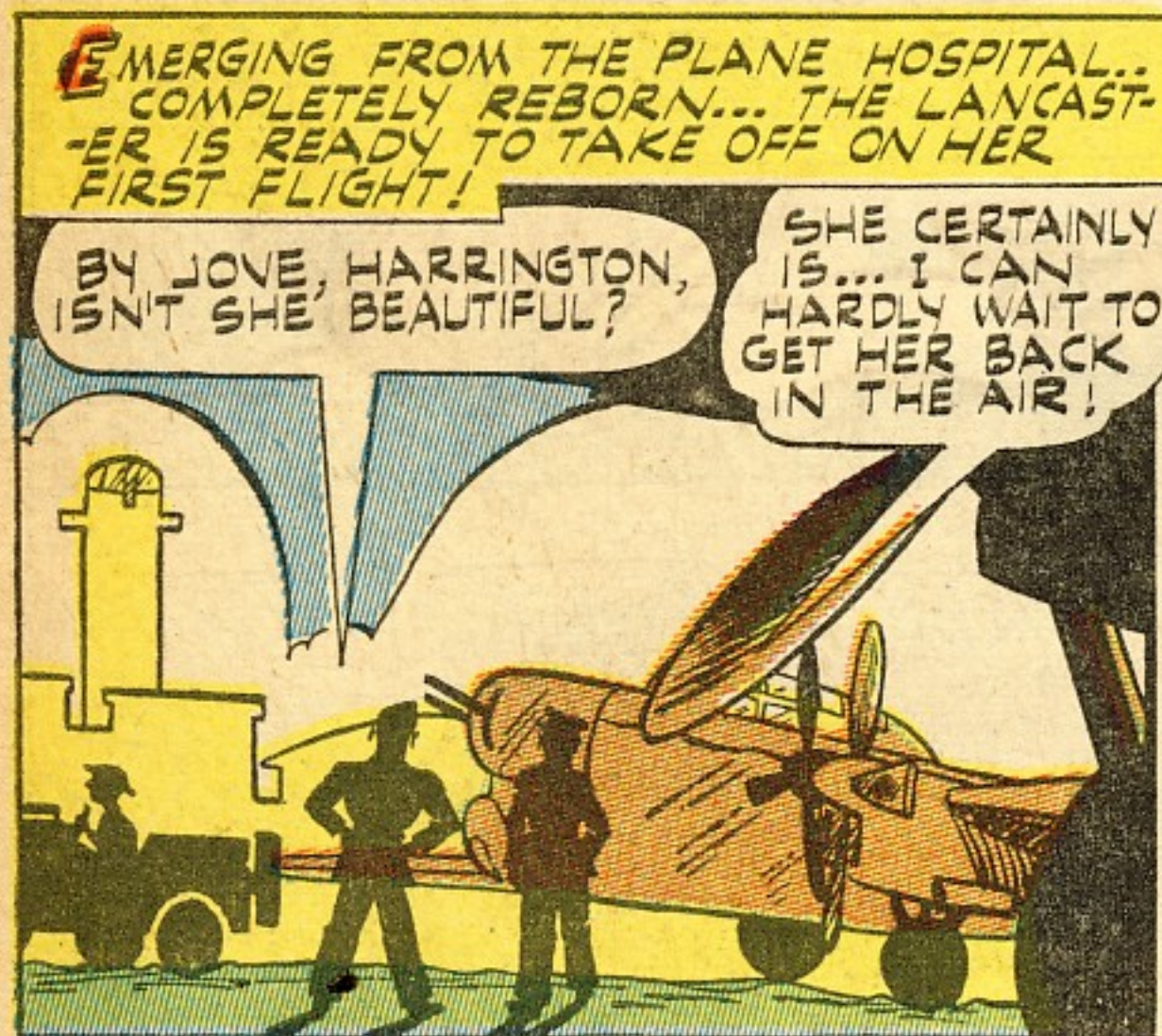
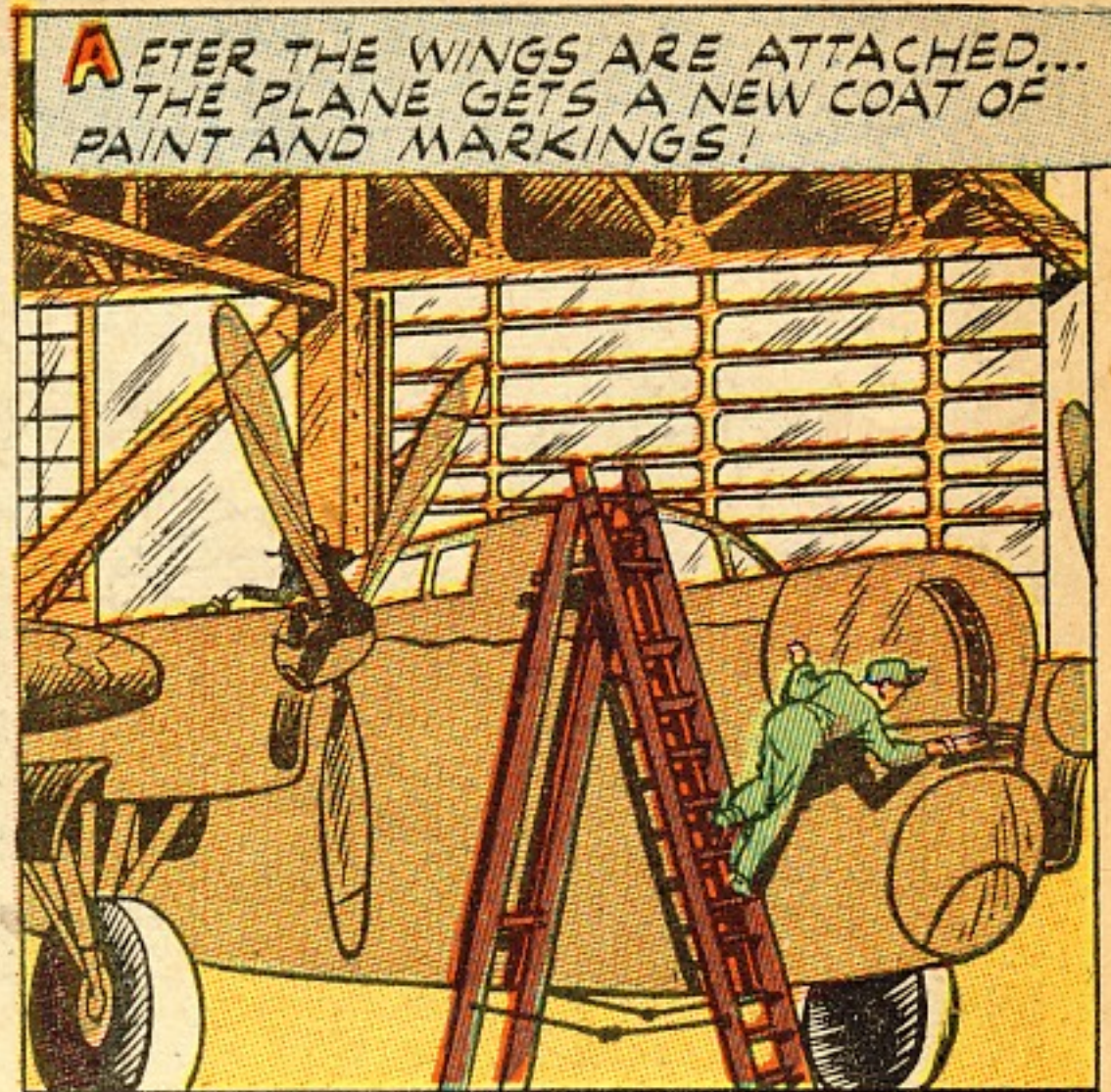
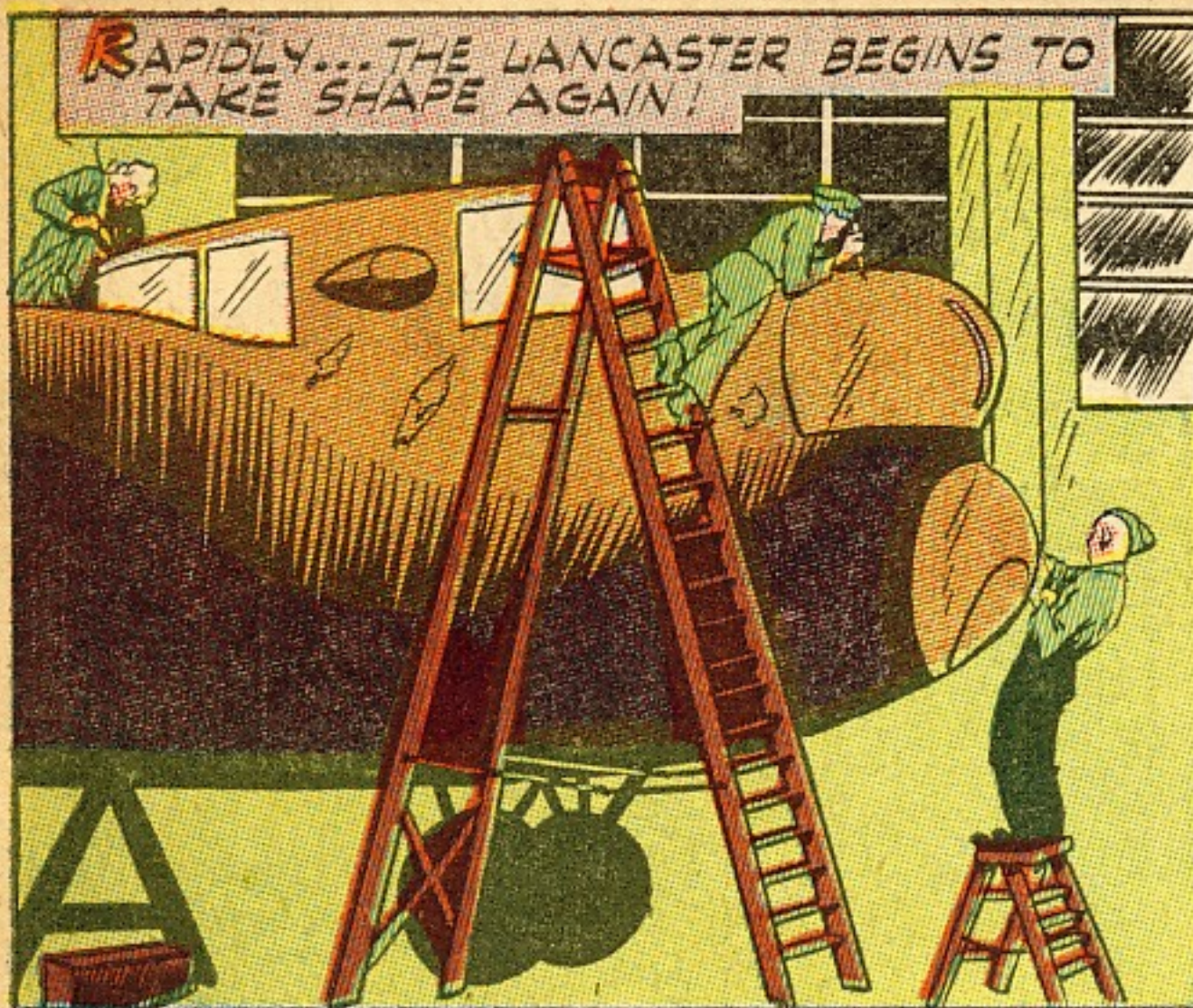
**W**AAF'S DO MOST OF THE INTERIOR REPAIR... PERFORMING MUCH OF THE RIVETING AND INSPECTING OF THE RECONDITIONED FUSELAGE!



**H**EAVY ASSEMBLY IS COMPLETED BY MECHANICS WHO INSTALL A NEW UNDER-CARRIAGE ON THE BOMBER!









# Tommy TOMAHAWK



**M**EMBERS OF THE NEWLY ORGANIZED INTERNATIONAL AIR PATROL, **TOMMY TOMAHAWK** AND HIS FIGHTING REDSKIN SQUADRON BATTLE THE MENACE OF MEN WHO WOULD DESTROY THE FOUNDATION STONES OF PEACE AND INTERNATIONAL COOPERATION!

FOLLOW TOMMY TOMAHAWK AND HIS COMRADES IN A NEW KIND OF ADVENTURE STORY, TIMELIER THAN THE HEADLINES, AS THEY DO THEIR PART TO BUILD THE **WORLD OF TOMORROW !!!**

*Geo. H. Appel*



AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE NATIONAL AIR PATROL....

YOURS IS THE FIRST SQUADRON TO JOIN OUR ORGANIZATION!



OFFICIALLY OUR JOB IS TO ENFORCE THE DECISIONS OF THE WORLD COURT! UNOFFICIALLY, WE'RE TO ROOT OUT AND DESTROY FASCIST-MINDED TROUBLEMAKERS BEFORE THEY GET STARTED!



WHAT WILL BE OUR NEW DUTIES?

AS YOU KNOW, SAN FRANCISCO LAID THE GROUNDWORK FOR A WORLDWIDE SCHEME TO KEEP THE PEACE! BUT THE PEACE MUST BE KEPT BY MEN WHO KNOW THE MEANING OF FASCISM AND WAR...!



THERE WILL BE MEN TRYING TO CREATE FRICTION BETWEEN THE UNITED NATIONS! THEY WILL SPREAD DISTRUST OF RUSSIA, ENGLAND OR CHINA! IN OTHER COUNTRIES, THEY WILL SOW FEAR AND HATRED OF THE UNITED STATES!



IF THEY SUCCEED, THE WORLD WILL BE PLUNGED INTO CHAOS AND WAR! OUR JOB IS TO SEE THAT THEY FAIL!

BUT WHAT POSSIBLE MOTIVE COULD THEY...

LOOK OUT!  
A GRENADE!!











DID YOU SAY SOMETHING?

MF-L-GG...!



TOO BAD! THERE'S NOT MUCH FIGHT IN THEM!

LOOK'S TO ME LIKE YOU KNOCKED IT ALL OUT, BLACK BEAR!



TAKE THESE MEN TO HEADQUARTERS! WHEN THEY TALK, WE'LL FIND OUT WHO WAS BEHIND THIS ATTACK!

**B**UT THEIR CAPTIVES PROVE STUBBORNLY SILENT....



THEY'RE HIRED ASSASSINS, WORKING FOR SOME MAN HIGHER UP... BUT THEY WON'T REVEAL HIS NAME!

LET US TRY INDIAN METHODS TO MAKE THEM TALK!



ORDINARILY I'D SAY NO, BUT THIS IS NO TIME FOR MORAL NICETIES! WE MUST FIND OUT!

DON'T WORRY! THEY'LL TALK WHEN RED WING USES.. UH... HIS PERSUASION!



**L**ATER, AS TOMMY TOMAHAWK AND HIS FRIENDS APPROACH THE PRISON BUILDING....

WHAT'S THAT?

SOUNDED LIKE SHOTS!

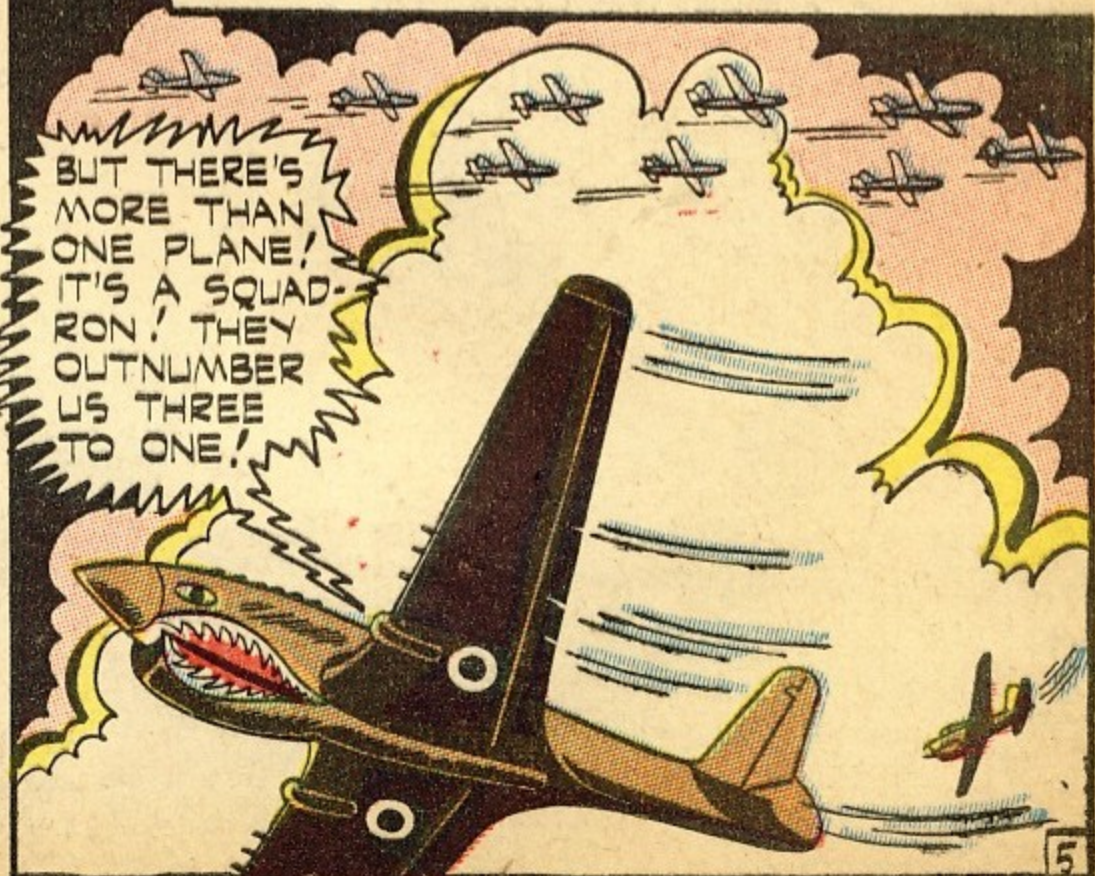
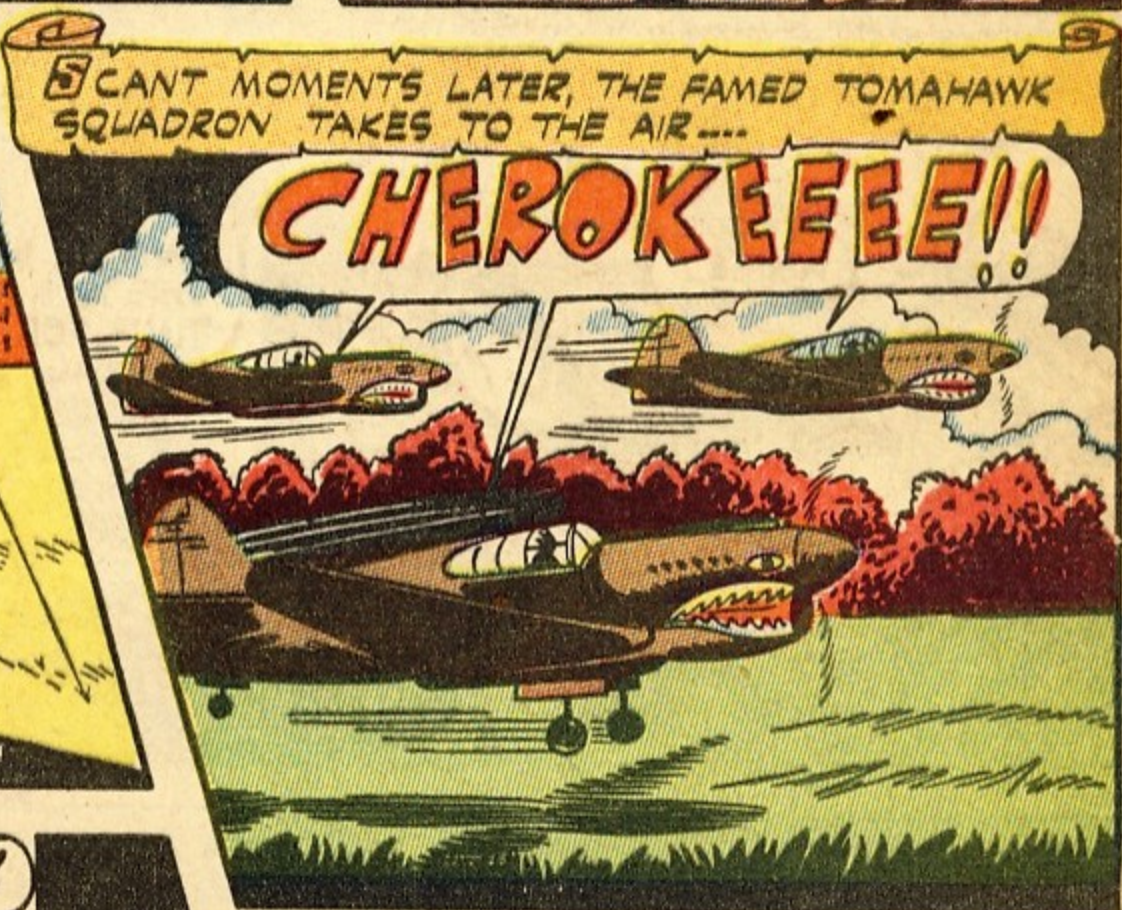


THEY WERE SHOTS! IT'S A PRISON BREAK!

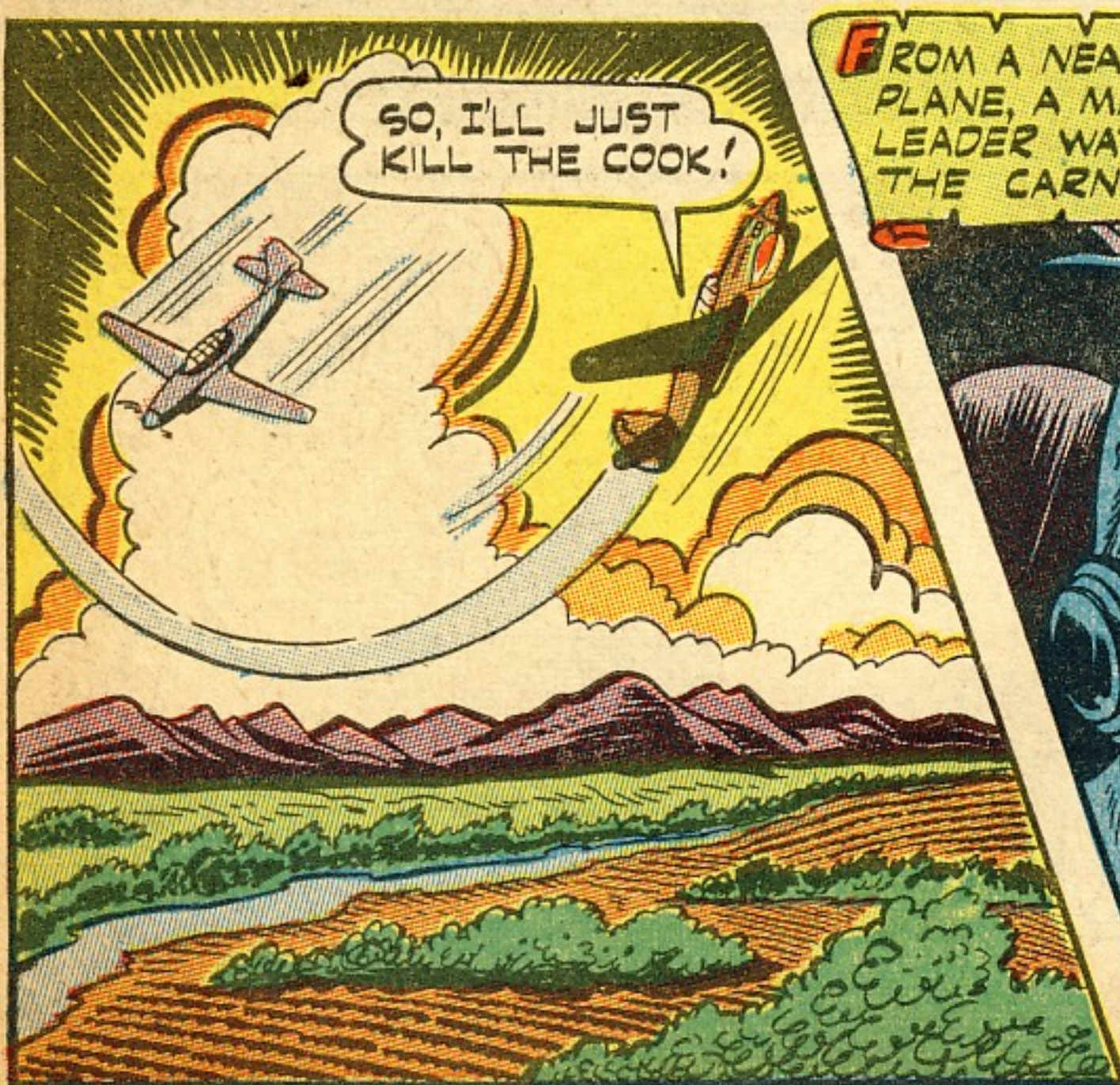
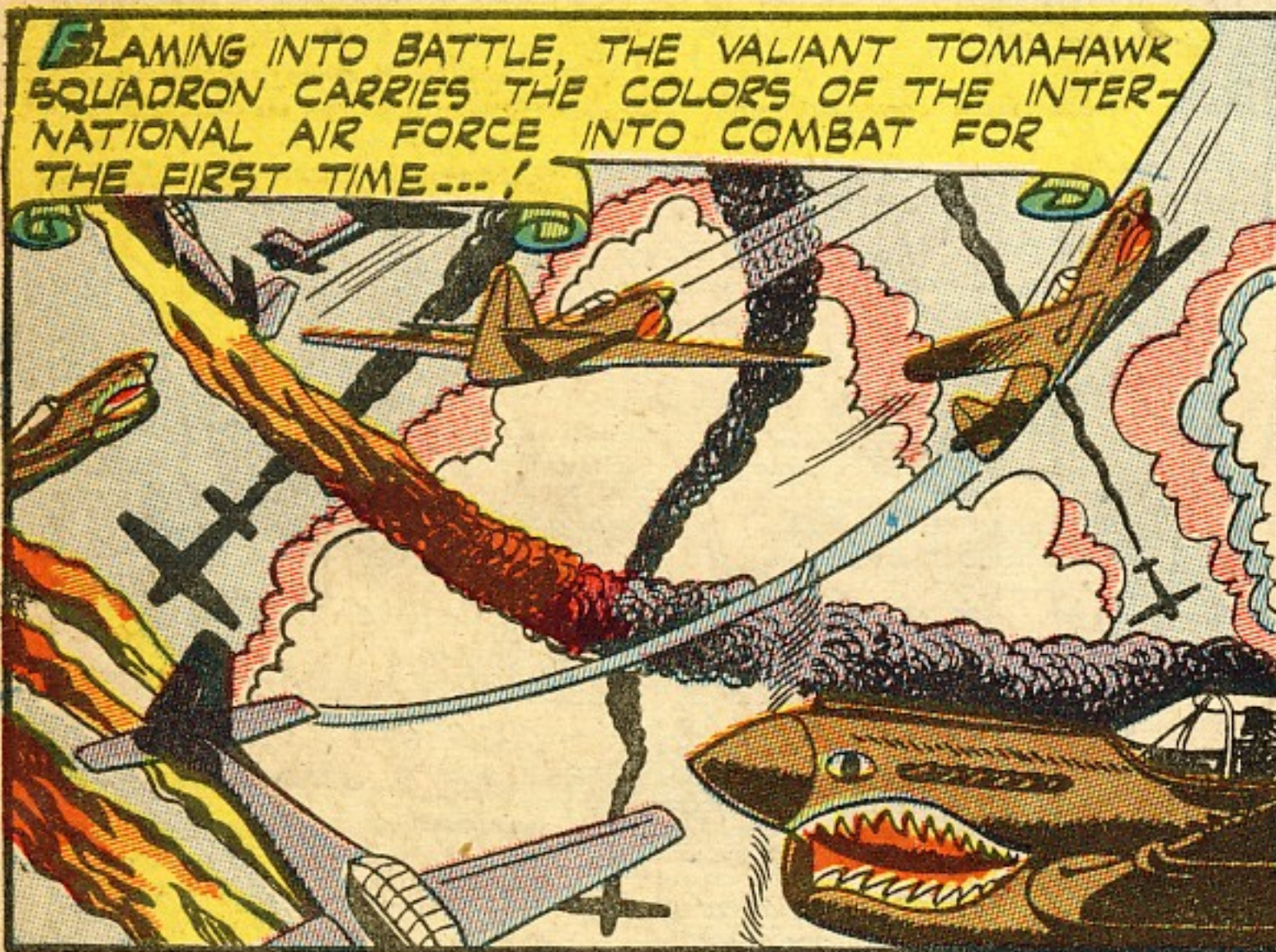
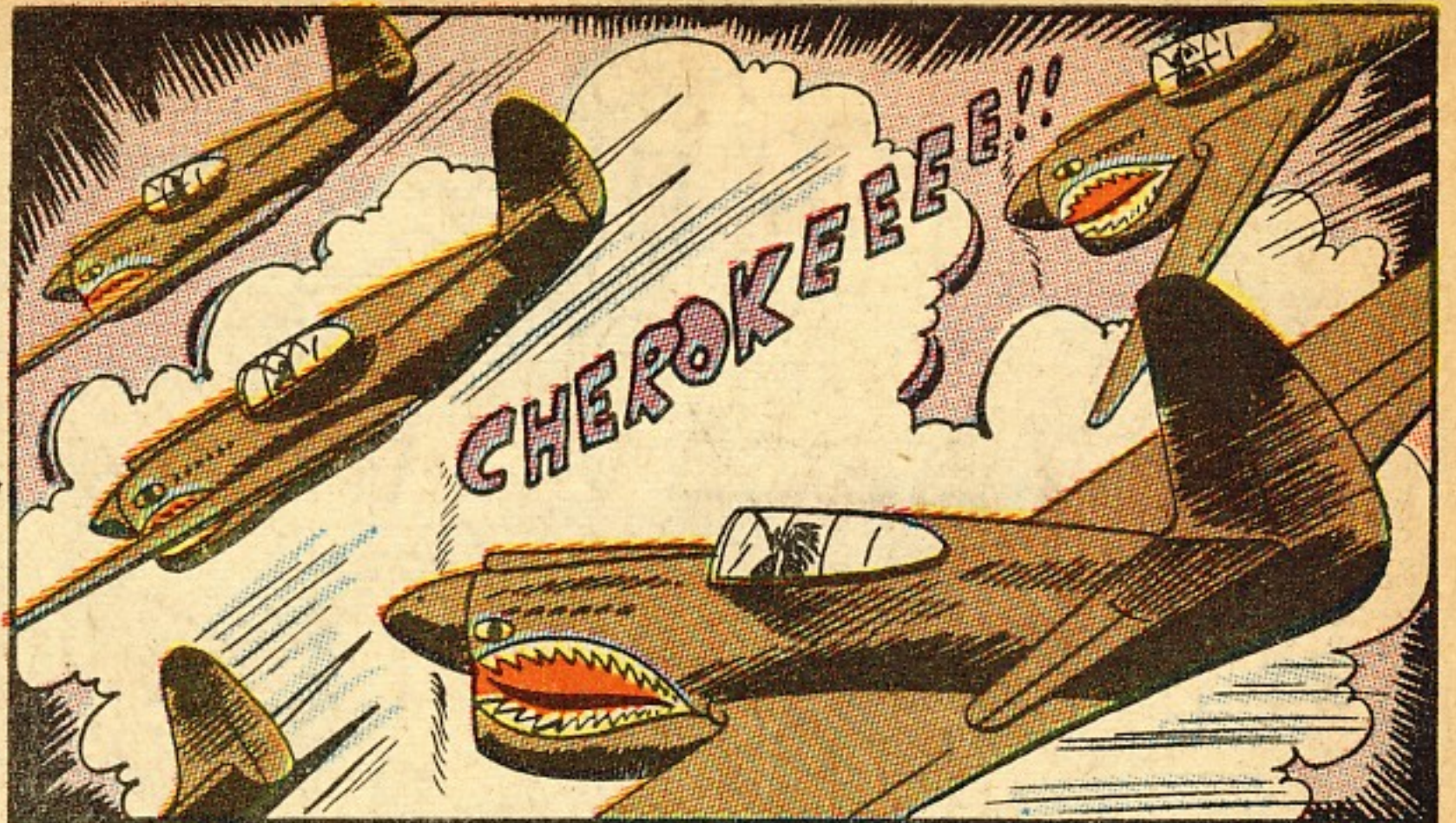
BANG

BANG





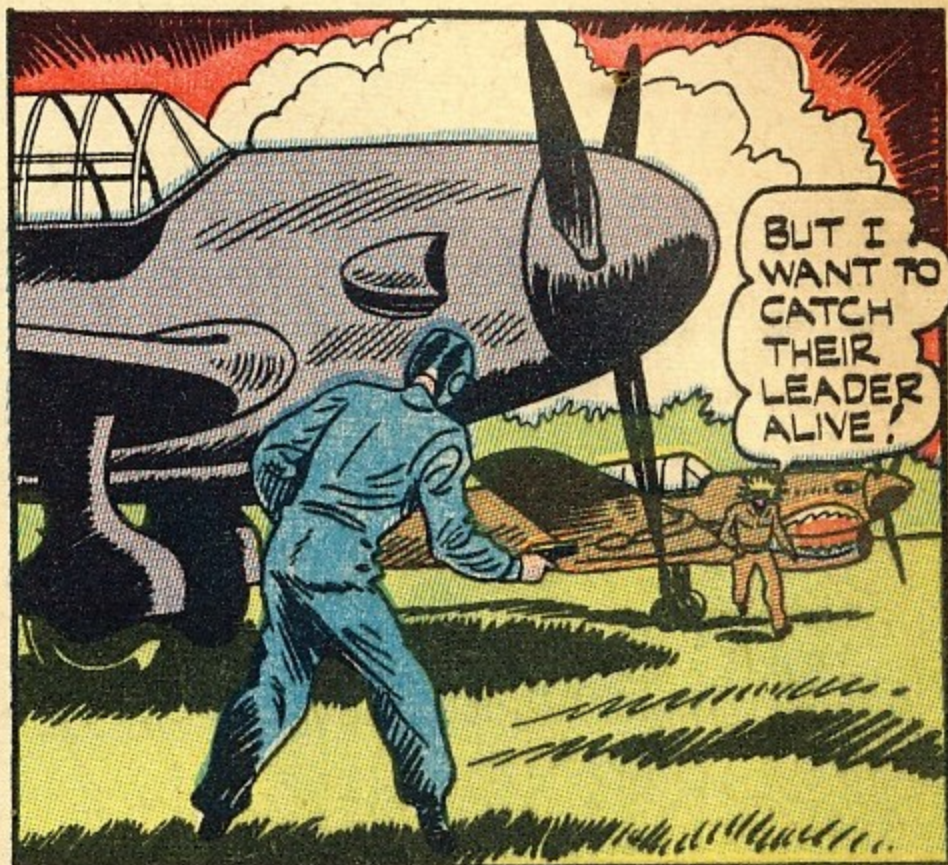




FROM A NEARBY PLANE, A MASKED LEADER WATCHES THE CARNAGE...











THE COMMANDING OFFICER WILL BE SURPRISED WHEN HE FINDS OUT WHO WAS THE LEADER OF THIS ATTACK!



J.C. GILTROCK  
EXPOSED AS  
FASCIST



J.C. GILTROCK



BUT WHY DID HE DO IT? I THOUGHT EVERYONE WANTED WORLD PEACE!

THE VAST MAJORITY DO, BUT GILTROCK REPRESENTED THE SMALL MINORITY OF SELFISH, MONEY-MAD MEN WHO THINK THEY STAND TO GAIN BY WRECKING INTERNATIONAL COOPERATION!



THEY WANT TO RETURN TO THE WAYS OF THE JUNGLE, BECAUSE IN A JUNGLE WORLD, THEY AND THEIR KIND CAN BECOME RULERS!

THAT'S THE KIND WE'RE FIGHTING.... MEN WHO VALUE POWER AND WEALTH ABOVE THE WELFARE OF THEIR FELLOW HUMANS!



NOW I UNDERSTAND THEIR MOTIVES! I'M GLAD WE'RE ON THE RIGHT SIDE!

OUR ENEMIES ARE STRONG AND WELL ORGANIZED! THIS WON'T BE AN EASY BATTLE... BUT ONE THAT WE **MUST** WIN!



LET'S ALL PITCH IN, FOLKS! WORLD PEACE IS NO DREAM! IT'S HERE! AND IT'S OURS TO KEEP... IF WE FIGHT FOR IT! WHAT DO YOU SAY, GANG...?

**CHEROKEE!**

**CHEROKEE!**





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